

E T H I C
EPISTLES,
SATIRES, &c.

With the AUTHOR'S NOTES.

Written by Mr. P O P E.



L O N D O N:

for the Company. M D C C X X V.

EPISTLES

OF THE

POET

AND

DRAMA

OF

THE

POET

AND

DRAMA

OF

THE

POET



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T H E D E S I G N.

HAVING proposed to write some Pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's Expression) *come home to Men's Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the Abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*: Since to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *Condition* and *Relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *End* and *Purpose* of its *Being*.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, *clear Points*: There are not *many certain Truths* in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more Good will accrue to Mankind, by attending to the large, open, and perceptible Parts, than by studying too much such finer Nerves and Vessels as will for ever escape our Observation. The *Disputes* are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *Wits* than the *Hearts* of Men against each other, and have diminished the Practice, more than advanced the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter my self that this *Essay* has any Merit, it is in steering betwixt Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming our

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of

The DESIGN.

of all a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* System of Ethics.

This I might have done in *Prose*; but I chose *Verse*, and even *Rhyme*, for two *Reasons*. The one will appear obvious; that *Principles*, *Maxims*, or *Precepts* so written, both strike the Reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd but is true; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in *Prose* itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the *Force* as well as *Grace* of Arguments or Instructions depends on their *Conciseness*. I was unable to treat this Part of my Subject more in *Detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *Poetically*, without sacrificing *Perspicuity* to *Ornament*, without wandering from the *Precision*, or breaking the *Chain* of Reasoning. If any Man can unite all these, without *Diminution* of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my Capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *Greater Parts*, their *Extent*, their *Limits*, and their *Connection*, but leaving the Particular to be more fully delineated in the *Charts* which are to follow. Consequently, these *Epistles* in their *Progress* will become less dry, and more susceptible of *Poetical Ornament*. I am here only opening the *Fountains*, and clearing the *Passage*; To deduce the *Rivers*, to follow them in their *Course*, and to observe their *Effects*, will be a Task more agreeable.



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A N

ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to the Universe.

Of Man in the Abstract. *We can judge only with regard to our own System, being ignorant of the Relations of Systems and Things, V. 17, &c. to 68. Man is not therefore to be deemed Imperfect, but a Being suited to his Place and Rank in the Creation, agreeable to the General Order of Things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to Him unknown, 69, &c. It is partly upon this Ignorance of future Events, and partly upon the Hope of a Future State, that all his Happiness in the Present depends, 73, &c. His Pride, in aiming at more Knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the Cause of his Error and Misery, 109, 119. The Impiety of putting himself in the Place of God, and judging of the Fitness or Unfitness, Perfection or Imperfection, Justice or Injustice, of his Dispensations, 109 to 120. The Absurdity of conceiving himself to be the Final Cause of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the Moral*

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World

World which is not in the Natural, 127. to 164. The Unreasonableness of his Complaints against Providence, while on the one Hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, on the other the bodily Qualifications of the Brutes, 165. That the Gift of Reason alone countervails all the latter, and that to possess any of the Sensitive Faculties in a higher Degree, would render him miserable, 181, 298. That throughout the whole visible World, an Universal Order and Gradation in these is observ'd, which causes a Subordination of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man. The Gradations of Sense, Instinct, Thought, Reflection, Reason, 199. to 224. How much farther this Order and Subordination of living Creatures may extend, above and below us? 225. Were any Part of this broken, not that Part only, but the Whole connected Creation must be destroy'd. The Extravagance, Madness, and Pride of such a Desire, 239, &c. Consequently, the absolute Submission due to Providence, both as to our Present and Future State, 292, &c.

A WAKE! my ST. JOHN, leave all meaner Things
 To low Ambition, and the Pride of Kings
 Let us (since Life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this Scene of Man; 5
 A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
 A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample Field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield, 10
 The latent Tracts, the giddy Heights explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye Nature's Walk, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise;

Laugh

Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*, 15
But vindicate the Ways of *God* to Man.

Say first, of *God* above, or *Man* below
What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the *God* be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own;
He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
Observe how System into System runs, 25
What other Planets, and what other Suns:
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star:
May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this Frame, the Bearings, and the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro'? or can a Part contain the Whole?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by *God*, or thee?

Presumptuous Man! the Reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind? 36
First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less;
Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the Weeds they shade? 40
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why *Jove's* Satellites are less than *Jove*?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That Wisdom infinite must form the *Best*,

Where all must *full* or not *coherent* be. 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the Scale of Life and Sense 'tis plain
 There must be, *some where*, such a Rank as *Man*;
 And all the Question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has *plac'd him wrong*? 50

Respecting *Man* whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to *All*.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can *its End* produce, 55
 Yet serves to second too some *other Use*.
 So *Man*, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some Sphere unknown,
 Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Gole;
 'Tis but a Part we see, and not a Whole. 60

When the proud Steed shall know, why *Man* restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Now wears a Garland, an *Aegyptian* God;
 Then shall *Man's* Pride and Dulness comprehend 65
 His Action's, Passion's, Being's, Use and End;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity!

Then say not *Man's* imperfect, Heav'n in Fault,
 Say rather, *Man's* as perfect as he ought; 70
 His Being measur'd to his State, and Place,
 His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their *present state*;

From

From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know;
Or who could suffer Being here below? 76

The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to-day
Had he thy *Reason* wou'd he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his blood. 80
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of All,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd, 85
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World!

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great Teacher, Death, and God adore!
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy blessing now. 90
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest;
The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests, and expatiates in a Life to come.

Lo! the poor INDIAN, whose untutor'd Mind 95
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar walk, or Milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-ropt hill an humbler Heav'n, 100
Some safer world in depth of Woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste;
Where Slaves once more their native land behold,
No Fiends torment, no Christians thirst for Gold.
To *be* content's his natural desire, 105
He asks no Angel's Wing or Seraph's Fire,

But

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky
 His faithful Dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser Thou! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*: 110
 Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say, here HE gives too little, there too much;
 Destroy all Creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If Man, alone, engross not Heav'n's high Care, 115
 Alone, made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his hand the Balance and the Rod?
 Rejudge his Justice, Be the GOD of GOD!

In reas'ning *Pride* (my Friend) our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the Skies. 120
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws 125
 OF ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine?
 Earth for whose use? *Pride* answers, "'Tis for mine:
 "For me kind Nature wakes her genial Power,
 "Suckles each herb, and swells out ev'ry flow'r; 130
 "Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew
 "The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew!
 "For me, the Mine a thousand treasures brings,
 "For me, health gushes from a thousand Springs;
 "Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise; 135
 "My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies!"

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, a Nation to the deep? 140

"No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause,

"Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral* Laws:

"Th' exceptions few; some change since all began;

"And what created, perfect?"---Why then *Man*?

If the *great End* be human Happiness, 145

And Nature deviates; how can Man do less?

As much that end a constant course requires

Of Show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires,

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise. 150

If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,

Why then a *Borgia* or a *Cataline*?

From Pride, from Pride, our very reas'ning springs;

Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit? 155

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,

Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here;

That never Air or Ocean felt the wind;

That never Passion discompos'd the mind; 160

But ALL subsists by Elemental strife;

And Passions are the Elements of Life.

The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,

Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,

And little less than Angel, would be more; 166

Now

Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.
 Made for his use all Creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?

170

Nature to these, without profusion 'kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd,
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here, with degrees of Swiftneſs; there, of Force;
 All in exact proportion to the State,
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each Beast, each Inſect, happy in its own;
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?

175

180

The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
 Is, not to think, or act *beyond* Mankind;
 No Pow'rs of Body, or of Soul to ſhare,
 But what his Nature, and his State can bear.
 Why has not Man a microſcopic Eye?
 For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly:
 Say, what th' Advantage of ſo fine an eye?
 T' inſpect a Mote, not comprehend the Sky?
 Or Touch, ſo tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 To ſink oppreſt with Aromatick pain?
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the Spheres,
 How would he wiſh, that Heav'n had left him ſtill
 The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill?

185

190

195

Who

Who finds not Providence all-good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample Range extends,
The Scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends: 200
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race
From the green Myriads in the peopled Grass!
What modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The Mole's dim curtain, and the Lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong Lions between, 205
And Hound, sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the Life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood:
The Spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line. 210
In the nice Bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How *Instinct* varies! in the grov'ling Swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant! with thine;
'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice Barrier, 215
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near.
Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd!
What thin Partitions Sense from Thought divide:
And middle Natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th'insuperable Line! 220
Without this just *Gradation*, could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all those pow'rs in one?

See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth, 225
All Matter quick, and bursting into birth,
Above, how high progressive life may go?
Around how wide? how deep extend below?

Vast

Vast Chain of Being! which from God began,
 Nature's ethereal, human Angel, Man, 230
 Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect; what no Eye can see,
 No Glass can reach! from Infinite to Thee!
 From Thee to Nothing!--- On superior Pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full Creation leave a Void; 235
 Where, one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each System in Gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole; 240
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That System only, but the whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns rush lawless thro' the Sky:
 Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd, 245
 Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World;
 Heav'n's whole Foundations to their Centre nod,
 And Nature tremble to the Throne of God:
 All this dread Order break?---For whom? For thee?
 Vile Worm!----O Madness! Pride! Impiety! 250

What if the Foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or Hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head?
 What if the Head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere Engines to the ruling Mind?
 Just as absurd, for any Part to claim 255
 To be another, in this general Frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

230 All are but parts of one stupendous Whole :
 Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul. 260
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the Earth as in th' ethereal frame,
 235 Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
 Glows in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
 y'd: Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent, 265
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 240 As the rapt Seraphim, that sings and burns; 270
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor *ORDER Imperfection* name:
 245 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own *Point*. This kind, this due degree 275
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee,
 Submit---in this, or any other Sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as as thou canst bear.
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 250 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour: 280
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
 All Discord, Harmony not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good:
 255 And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight, 285
 One truth is clear; "Whatever Is, is RIGHT."

The End of the First EPISTLE.

A N

ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to himself as an Individual.

The Business of Man not to pry into God, but to study Himself. His Middle Nature; his Powers and Frailties, and the Limits of his Capacity, V. 3. to 43. His two Principles, SELF-LOVE and REASON, 43. both necessary, 49. Self-Love the stronger, and why? 57. their End the same, 71. The PASSIONS, and their Use, 83. to 120. The PREDOMINANT PASSION, and its Force, 122. to 150. Its Necessity in directing Men to different Purposes, 153. its Providential Use, in fixing our PRINCIPLE, and ascertaining our VIRTUE, 167. Virtue and Vice join'd in our Mixt Nature; the Limits near, yet the Things separate, and evident. What is the Office of Reason? 187, &c. How odious Vice in it self, and how we deceive ourselves into it, 209. That however, the Ends of Providence and General Good are answer'd in our Passions, and Imperfections, 230, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, 233. how useful they are to Society, 241, and to the Individuals, 253. in every State, and in every Age of Life, 263. to the End.

KNOW

K NOW then Thy self, presume not God to scan;
 The proper Study of Mankind is *Man*.
 Plac'd on this Isthmus of a Middle State,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much Knowledge for the Sceptick Side, 5
 With too much Weakness for a Stoic's Pride,
 He hangs between, in doubt to act, or rest,
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
 In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
 Alike in Ignorance his Reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much.
 Chaos of Thought and Passion; all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
 Great Lord of all things, yet a Prey to all;
 Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurld:
 The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World.

Go wondrous Creature! mount where Science guides,
 Go measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides; 20
 Instruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.
 Go soar with *Plato* to th'empyrean Sphere,
 To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his Follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting Sense call *Imitating God*,
 As Eastern Priests in giddy Circles run,
 And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun*.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
 Then drop into Thy-self, and be a Fool! 30

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
 Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly Shape,
 And shew'd a *Newton*, as we shew an *Ape*.

Could he who taught each Planet where to roll, 35
 Describe, or fix, one Movement of the Soul?
 Who mark'd their Points to rise, and to descend,
 Explain or his Beginning, or his End?
 Alas what Wonder! Man's superior Part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art to Art; 40
 But when his own great Work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
 Two Principles in human Nature reign;
Self-Love to urge, and *Reason*, to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 45
 Each works its End, to move, or govern all:
 And to their proper Operation still
 Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-Love, the Spring of Motion, acts the Soul;
Reason's comparing Balance rules the whole; 50
 Man, but for that, no *Action* could attend,
 And but for this, were active to no *End*.
 Fix'd like a Plant on his peculiar Spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
 Or Meteor-like, flame lawless through the Void, 55
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most *Strength* the moving Principle requires,
 Active its Task, it prompts, impels, inspires:
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 60
 Self-

Self-Love yet stronger, as its Object's nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lye;
 That sees immediate Good, by present Sense,
 Reason, the future, and the consequence;
 Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng, 65
 At best more *watchful* this, but that more *strong*.
 The Action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still *use*, to Reason still *attend*:
 Attention, Habit and Experience gains,
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-Love restrains. 70

Let subtle Schoolmen teach these Friends to fight,
 More studious to divide, than to unite,
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash Dexterity of Wit.
 Wits, just like Fools, at War about a *Name*, 75
 Have full as oft *no* Meaning, or the *same*.
 Self-Love and Reason to one End aspire,
 Pain their Aversion, Pleasure their Desire;
 But greedy that its Object would devour,
 This taste the Honey, and not wound the Flower. 80
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest Evil, or our greatest Good.

Modes of Self-Love, the *Passions* we may call;
 'Tis real Good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not every Good we can *divide*, 85
 And Reason bids us for *our own* provide;
 Passions tho' *selfish*, if their Means be fair,
 List under *Reason*, and deserve her Care:
 Those that *imparted*, court a nobler Aim,
 Exalt their Kind, and take some *Virtue's Name*. 90

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their Virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a Frost,
 Contracted all, retiring to the Breast;
 But Strength of Mind is *Exercise*, not *Rest*:
 The rising Tempest puts in act the Soul, 95
 Parts it may ravish, but preserves the whole.
 On Life's vast Ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the Card, but Passion is the Gale:
 Nor God alone in the still Calm we find;
 He mounts the Sorm, and *walks upon the Wind*. 100

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet mix'd and soften'd, in His Work unite:
 These, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ*,
 But what composes Man, can Man *destroy*.
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's Road, 105
 Subject, compound them, follow her, and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain;
 These mix'd with Art, and to due Bounds confin'd,
 Make, and maintain, the Balance of the Mind. 110
 The Lights and Shades, whose well accorded Strife
 Gives all the *Strength* and *Colour* of our Life.

Pleasures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,
 And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise;
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115
 The whole Employ of Body and of Mind.
All spread their Charms, but charm not all *alike*;
 On diff'rent Senses diff'rent Objects strike:
 Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the Organs of the Frame; 120
 And

And hence one *Master Passion*, in the Breast,
Like *Aaron's Serpent*, swallows up the rest.

As Man perhaps, the moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death,
The young Disease that must subdue at length, 125
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Disease, its *ruling Passion* came:
Each vital Humour which should feed the *whole*,
Soon flows to *this*, in Body and in Soul; 130
Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,
As the Mind opens, and its Functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous Art,
And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

Nature its Mother, *Habit* is its Nurse; 135
Wit, *Spirit*, *Faculties*, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
As Heav'n's blest Beam turns Vinegar more sow'r;
The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The ruling Passion conquers Reason still. 140
We, wretched Subjects, tho' to lawful Sway,
In this weak *Queen*, some Fav'rite still obey.
Ah! if she lend not Arms, as well as Rules,
What can she more than *tell us*, we are Fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend, 145
A sharp *Accuser*, but a helpless *Friend*!
Or from a *Judge* turn *Pleader* to persuade
The Choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of imagin'd Conquests all along,
She but removes weak Passions for the strong; 150
So, when small Humours gather to a Gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.

Yes:

Yes: Nature's Road must ever be prefer'd;
 Reason is here no *Guide*, but still a *Guard*;
 'Tis hers to *rectify*, not *overthrow* 155
 And treat this Passion more as Friend than Foe:
 A *Mightier* Pow'r the strong Direction sends,
 And sev'ral Men impells to sev'ral Ends.
 Like varying Winds, by *other* Passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain Coast. 160
 Let Pow'r, or Knowledge, Gold, or Glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of Ease:
 Thro' Life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at Life's Expence;
 The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence,
 The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride, 165
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,
 Grafts on this Passion, our *best Principle*:
 'Tis thus, the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd; 170
 The Dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one Int'rest *Body* acts with *Mind*.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's Care
 On *savage Stocks* inserted, learn to bear;
 The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot, 175
 Wild Nature's Vigour working at the Root.
 What Crops of Wit and Honesty appear,
 From Spleen, from Obstinacy, Hate or Fear!
 See Anger, Zeal, and Fortitude supply;
 Ev'n Av'rice, Prudence; Sloth, Philosophy; 180
 Envy, to which th' ignoble Mind's a Slave,
 Is Emulation in the Learn'd or Brave:
 Lust, thro' some certain Strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle Love, and charms all Womankind.

Nor

E P I S T L E S.

21

Nor Virtue, Male or Female, can we name,
But what will grow on *Pride*, or grow on *Shame*.

185

Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our *Pride*)
The Virtue nearest to our Vice ally'd;
Reason the Byass turns to Good from Ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.
The fiery Soul abhorr'd in *Cataline*,
In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.
The same Ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a Patriot, as it makes a Knave.

190

This *Light* and *Darkness* in our Chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The *God* within the *Mind*.
Extremes in Nature equal Ends produce,;
In Man they join to some mysterious Use:
Tho' oft so mix'd, the Diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue or begins the Vice:
Now this, now that, the other's bound invades,
As in some well-wrought Picture Light and Shades.

195

200

Fools! who from hence into the Notion fall,
That *Vice* or *Virtue* there is none at all.
If White and Black, blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no Black or White?
Ask your own *Heart*, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to *mistake* them, costs the *Time* and *Pain*.

205

Vice is a Monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her Face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' *Extreme of Vice*, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the *North*? at York 'tis on the *Tweed*,

210

In

In *Scotland* at the *Orcades*, and there
 At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, or the Lord knows where.
 No Creature owns it, in the first degree,
 But thinks his Neighbour further gone than he.
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath her very Zone,
 Or never feel the Rage, or never own;
 What happier Natures shrink at with Affright,
 The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

205

210

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree:
 The Rogue and Fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.
 'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,
 For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral Goal:
 But *Heav'n's* great View is *One*, and that the *Whole*:
 That counterworks each Folly and Caprice;
 That disappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice,
 That happy Frailties to all *Ranks* apply'd,
 Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron *Pride*.
 Fear to the Statesman, *Rashness* to the Chief,
 To King's *Presumption*, and to Crowds *Belief*.
 That Virtue's Ends from *Vanity* can raise,
 Which seeks no Int'rest, no Reward but Praise.
 And builds on *Wants*, and on *Defects* of Mind,
 The Joy, the Peace, the Glory of Mankind.

225

231

235

240

+ Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A Master, or a Servant, or a Friend,
 Bids each on other for Assistance call,
 Till one Man's Weakness grows the Strength of all.
 Wants, Frailties, Passions, closer still allye
 The common Int'rest, or endear the Tye:

245

To

To *these* we owe true Friendship, Love sincere,
 Each home-felt Joy that Life inherits here!
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those Joys, those Loves, those Int'rests to resign; 250
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere Decay,
 To welcome Death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the *Passion*, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
 Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.
 The Learn'd are happy, Nature to explore; 255
 The Fool is happy, that he knows no more,
 The Rich are happy in the Plenty given:
 The Poor contents him with the Care of Heaven.
 See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
 The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King, 260
 The starving Chymist in his golden Views
 Supreamly blest, the Poet in his Muse,

See! some strange *Comfort* ev'ry *State* attend,
 And Pride bestow'd on all, a common Friend;
 See, some fit *Passion* ev'ry *Age* supply, 265
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

'Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays
 Those painted Clouds that beautify our Days;
 Each want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
 And each Vacuity of Sense by Pride. 270
 These build up all that Knowledge can destroy;
 In Folly's Cup still laughs the Bubble, Joy;
 One Prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain;
 Even mean *Self-Love* becomes, by Force divine, 275
 The Scale to measure others Wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one Comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet *GOD is Wise*.

The End of the Second EPISTLE.

A N

A N
ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

The Whole Universe one System of Society, VER. 7. Nothing is made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for Another, 27. The Happiness of Animals mutual, 53. Reason or Instinct operate alike to the Good of each Individual, 83. Reason or Instinct operate to Society, in all Animals, 109. How far Society carry'd by Instinct, 119. How much farther by Reason, 132. Of that which is called the STATE of NATURE, 148. Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, 170. and in the Forms of Society, 180. Origin of Political Societies, 199. Origin of Monarchy, 211. Patriarchal Government, 216. Origin of True Religion and Government; from the same Principle, of Love, 235, &c. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny; from the same Principle of Fear, 241, &c. The Influence of Self-Love operating to the Social and Publick Good, 269. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first Principle, 285. Mixt Government, 289. Various Forms of each, and the True End of All, 303, &c.

LEARN

LEARN Dulness, learn! "The *Universal Cause*
 "Acts to *one End*, but acts by various Laws."

In all the Madness of superfluous Health,
 The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
 Let that great Truth be present Night and Day; 5
 But most be present, if thou *preach*, or *pray*.

View thy own World: Behold the Chain of Love
 Combining all below, and all above.
 See, plastick Nature working to this End,
 The single Atoms each to other tend, 10
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
 Form'd and impell'd its *Neighbour* to embrace.
 See Matter next, with various Life endu'd,
 Press to one Centre still, the *Gen'ral Good*.
 See dying Vegetables Life sustain, 15
 See Life dissolving vegetate again.
 All Forms that perish other Forms supply,
 By turns they catch the vital Breath, and die;
 Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that Sea return. 20
 Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to Whole:
 One All-extending, All-preserving Soul
 Connects each Being, greatest with the least;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast:
 All serv'd, and serving; nothing stands alone; 25
 The Chain holds on, and *where* it ends, unknown!

Has God, thou Fool! work'd solely for thy Good,
 Thy Joy, thy Pastime, thy Attire, thy Food?
 Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
 For him, as kindly, spreads the flow'ry Lawn. 30
 Is it for thee thee the Lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings:

D

Is

Is it for thee the Linnet pours his Throat?
 Loves of his own, and Raptures swell the Note.
 The bounding Steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his Lord the Pleasure and the Pride.
 Is thine alone the Seed that strows the Plain?
 The Birds of Heaven shall vindicate their Grain.
 Thine the full Harvest of the Golden Year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving Steer. 40
 The Hog that plows not, nor obeys thy Call,
 Lives on the Labours of this Lord of All.

Know, Nature's Children all divide her Care;
 The Furr that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
 While Man exclaims, see all things for my Use! 45
 See Man for mine, replies a pamper'd Goose:
 What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him,
 All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.

As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right:
 But as to Man, mistook the Matter quite: 50
 And just as short of Reason, Man will fall,
 Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.

X Grant, that the Pow'rful still the Weak controul,
 Be Man the *Wit* and *Tyrant* of the Whole:
 NATURE that Tyrant checks; He only knows 55
 And feels, another Creature's Wants and Woes.
 Say, will the Falcon stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying Plumage, spare the Dove?
 Admires the Jay the Insect's gilded Wings,
 Or hears the Hawk, when *Philomela* sings? 60
 Man cares for All: To Birds he gives his Woods,
 To Beasts his Pastures, and to Fish his Floods

For

For some his lar'rest prompts him to provide,
For more, his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride:

All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy 65
Th' extensive Blessing of his Luxury.

That very Life his learned Hunger craves
He saves from Famine, from the Savage saves:

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his Feast,
And till he ends the Being, makes it blest. 70

Which sees no more the Stroke, or feels the Pain,
Than favour'd Man, by Touch ethereal slain.

The Creature had his Feast of Life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy Feast is o'er!

To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend 75
Gives not the useless Knowledge of its End;

To Man imparts it; but with such a View,
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.

The Hour conceal'd, and so remote the Fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80

Great standing Miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking Thing, this Turn of Mind.

Whether with *Reason*, or with *Instinct* blest,
Know, all enjoy that Pow'r which *suits 'em best*.

To Bliss alike, by that Direction tend, 85

And find the Means proportion'd to their End.

Say, where full *Instinct* is th' unerring Guide,

What *Pope* or *Council* can they need beside?

Reason, however able, cool at best,

Cares not for Service, or but serves when prest; 90

Stays till we call, and then not often near;

But honest *Instinct* comes a Volunteer.

This too serves *always*, Reason never *long*;

One *must* go right, the other *may* go wrong.

See then the *acting* and *comparing* Pow'rs, 95
 One in their Nature, which are two in ours;
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct, as you can;
 In this, 'tis *God* directs, in that, 'tis *Man*.

Who taught the Nations of the Field and Wood,
 To shun their Poison, and to chuse their Food? 100
 Prescient, the Tydes or Tempests to withstand,
 Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
 Who made the Spider Parallels design,
 Sure as *De-Moivre*, without Rule or Line?
 Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and Worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the Council, states the certain Day,
 Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the Way?

GOD, in the Nature of each Being, founds
 Its proper Bliss, and sets its proper Bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the *Whole* to bless
 On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happiness*:
 So from the first, *Eternal Order* ran,
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
 Whate'er of Life all-quickenning *Æther* keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' Air, or shoots beneath the Deeps,
 Or pours profuse on Earth, one Nature feeds
 The *vital Flame*, and swells the *genial Seeds*.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
 Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood, 120
 Each loves *Itself*, but not itself *alone*,
 Each Sex desires alike, till *two* or *one*:
 Nor ends the Pleasure with the fierce Embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their *Race*.
 Thus Beast, and Bird, their common Charge attend, 125
 The Mothers nurse it, and the Sires defend;

The

The young dismiss to wander Earth or Air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the Care,
 The Link dissolves, each seeks a fresh Embrace,
 Another Love succeeds, another Race. 130

A longer Care Man's helpless Kind demands;
 That longer Care contracts more lasting Bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the Ties improve,
 At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love:
 With *Choice* we fix, with *Sympathy* we burn, 135
 Each *Virtue* in each *Passion* takes its turn;
 And still new *Needs*, new *Helps*, new *Habits* rise,
 That graft Benevolence on Charities.
 Still as *one* Brood, and as *another* rose,
 These *nat'ral* Love maintain'd, *habitual* those;
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their Life began:
Mem'ry and *Forecast* just Returns engage, 145
 That pointed back to *Youth*, this on to *Age*;
 While *Pleasure*, *Gratitude* and *Hope*, combin'd,
 Still spread the Int'rest, and preserv'd the Kind.

Nor think in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
 The *State* of NATURE was the *Reign* of GOD: 150
Self-Love and *Social* at her Birth began,
 UNION, the Bond of all Things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor *Arts*, that *Pride* to aid;
 Man walk'd with Beast joint Tenant of the Shade;
 The same his Table, and the same his Bed, 155
 No Murther cloath'd him, and no Murder fed.
 In the same Temple, the resounding Wood,
 All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The Shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest: 160

Heav'n's Attribute was universal Care,
 And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
 Ah how unlike the Man of Times to come!
 Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
 Who, Foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral Groan, 165
 Murders their Species, and betrays his own.
 But just Disease to Luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry Death its own Avenger breeds;
 The Fury Passions from that Blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer Savage, Man. 170

See him from *Nature* rising flow to *Art*!
 To copy *Instinct*, then, was *Reason's* Part;
 Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake---
 Go! from the Creatures *thy Instructions* take;
 Learn from the Birds what Food the Thickets yield; 175
 Learn from the Beasts the *Physick* of the Field:
 Thy Arts of Building from the Bee receive;
 Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave;
 Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale. 180
 Here too all Forms of social Union find,
 And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
 Here Subterranean Works and Cities see,
 There Towns aerial on the waving Tree.
 Learn each small People's Genius, Policies; 185
 The Ants Republic, and the Realm of Bees;
 How those in common all their Stores bestow,
 And Anarchy without Confusion know,
 And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 Their sep'rate Cells and Properties maintain. 190
 Mark what unvary'd Laws preserve their State,
 Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.

*In vain thy Reason finer Webs shall draw,
 Entangle Justice in her Net of Law,
 And Right too rigid, harden into Wrong,* 195
*Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too strong.
 Yet go! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway,
 Thus let the Wiser make the rest obey,
 And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.* 200

Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made:
 Here rose one little State: Another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' Love or Fear.
 Did here the Trees with ruddier Burdens bend, 205
 And there the Streams in purer Rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a Friend, who came a Foe.
 Converse, or Love, Mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd, the Name of King unknown,
 'Till common Int'rest plac'd the Sway in One. 210
 Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts or Arms,
 Diffusing Blessings, or averting Harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.

'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sat 215
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing State:
 On him, their second Providence they hung,
 Their Law, his Eye; their Oracle, his Tongue.
 He, from the wond'ring Furrow call'd their Food,
 Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
 Draw forth the Monsters of th' Abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' Aereal Eagle to the Ground.

'Till

'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as *God*, to mourn as *Man*.
 Then looking up from Sire to Sire, explor'd 225
 One Great, first Father, and that *first* ador'd.
 Or plain Tradition, that this All *begun*,
 Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
 The Workman from the Work distinct was known,
 And *simple Reason* never sought but *One*: 230
 Ere *Wit* oblique had broke that steady Light,
 Man, like his Maker, *saw*, that *all was right*,
 To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a *Father*, when he own'd a *God*.
 Love all the *Faith*, and all th' *Allegiance* then; 235
 For Nature knew no *Right Divine* in *Men*,
 No *Ill* could fear in *God*; and understood
 A *Sov'reign Being* but a *Sov'reign Good*.
 True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
 That was but *Love* of *God*, and this of *Man*. 240

Who first taught Souls enslav'd, and Realms undone
 Th' enormous Faith of *Many made for one*?
 That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
 T'invert the World, and counter-work its *Cause*?
 Force first made *Conquest*, and that *Conquest Law*; 245
 'Till *Superstition* taught the Tyrant Awe,
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid,
 And God's of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
 She, 'midst the Lightning's Blaze, and Thunder's Sound,
 When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
 Ground, 250
 She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.
 She, from the rending Earth and bursting Skies,
 Saw *Gods* descend, and *Fiends* infernal rise;

Here

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest Abodes; 155
 Fear made her Devils, and weak *Hope* her Gods:
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust:
 Such as the Souls of *Cowards* might conceive,
 And form'd like *Tyrants*, *Tyrants* wou'd believe. 160
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
 And *Hell* was built on *Spite*, and *Heav'n* on *Pride*.
 Then sacred seem'd the ethereal Vault no more;
 Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:
 Then first the *Flamen* tasted living Food; 165
 Next his grim Idol smear'd with human Blood;
 With *Heav'n's* own Thunder shook the World below,
 And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

So drives *Self-Love*, thro' Just, and thro' Unjust,
 To *One* Man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Lust: 170
 The same *Self-Love*, in *All*, becomes the Cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one Will when many Wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake 175
 A Weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His *Safety* must his *Liberty* restrain;
All join to guard what *each* desires to gain,
 Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-Defence,
 Ev'n Kings learn'd Justice and Benevolence: 180
 Self-Love forsook the Path it first pursu'd,
 And found the *private* in the *publick* Good.

'Twas then, the studious Head or gen'rous Mind,
 Follow'r of God, or Friend of Humankind,
 Poet or Patriot, rose, but to restore 185
 The Faith and Moral *Nature* gave before;

Re-

Re-lum'd her ancient Light, not *kindled new*;
 If not God's *Image*, yet his *Shadow* drew;
 Taught Pow'r's due Use to *People* and to *Kings*,
 Taught, not to slack, nor strain, its tender strings; 290
 The *Less*, and *Greater*, set so justly true,
 That touching *one*, must strike the *other* too,
 And jarring Int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according Musick of a *well-mix'd State*.
 Such is the *WORLD's great Harmony*, that springs 295
 From *Union*, *Order*, full *Consent* of Things!
 Where Small and Great, where Weak and Mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
 More pow'rful each, as *needful* to the rest,
 And in Proportion as it blesses, blest; 300
 Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For *Forms of Government* let Fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administred, is best:
 For *Modes of Faith* let graceless Zealots fight; 305
 His can't be wrong whose *Life* is in the right.
 All must be false that thwart this *One great End*,
 And all of God, that *bless* Mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous Vine, supported lives,
 The *Strength* he gains is from th' *Embrace* he gives.
 On their *own Axis* as the Planets run, 310
 Yet make at once their Circle round the *Sun*:
 So two consistent Motions act the Soul,
 And one regards *Itself*, and one the *Whole*.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame, 315
 And bade *Self-Love* and *Social* be the same.

The End of the Third EPISTLE.

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ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

Happiness ill defin'd by the Philosophers, VER. 19.
That it is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,
28. God governs by general, not particular Laws:
Intends Happiness to be equal, and to be so, it must
be social, since all particular Happiness depends on
general, 35. As it is necessary for Order, and the
Peace and Welfare of Society, that External Goods
should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist
in these, 47. But notwithstanding that Inequality,
the Balance of Happiness among Mankind is kept
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and Fear, 66. What the Happiness of Individuals
is? as far as is consistent with the Constitution of
this World, 76. That the good Man has here the
Advantage, 80. The Error of imputing to Virtue
what are only the Calamities of Nature, or of For-
tune, 92. The Folly of expecting that God should
alter his general Laws in favour of Particulars,
118. That we are not Judges who are good? but
that whoever they are, they must be happiest, 130,
&c. That external Goods are not the proper Rewards,
often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue,
166. But that even these can make no Man happy
without Virtue. Instanced in Riches, 176. Ho-
nours, 184. Birth, 203. Greatness, 213. Fame, 233.
Supe-

Superior Talents, 257. with Pictures of human Infelicity in Men possess'd of them all, 275, &c. The VIRTUE ONLY constitutes a Happiness, whose Object is universal, 311. and whose Prospect eternal, 349. The Perfection of which consists in a Conformity to the Order of Providence here, and in a Resignation to it, here and hereafter, 534. Or (in other Words) in Love of God, and Charity to all Men, &c. to the End.

O Happiness! our Being's End and Aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er the
name:

That Something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool----and wise.
Plant of celestial Seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair-opening to some Court's propitious Shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the Wreaths *Parnassian* Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the field?
Where grows---where grows it not?---If vain our toil
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun Mankind:
Some place the bliss in Action, some in Ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:

Who

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
 One grants his Pleasure is but Rest from Pain;
 One doubts of All, one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

25

Take *Nature's* path, and mad Opinions leave,
 All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;
 Obvious her Goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well, 30
 And mourn our various Portions as we please,
 Equal is *common Sense*, and *common Ease*.

Remember Man! "the Universal Cause
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call, 35
 Subsist not in the Good of one, but all.
 There's not a Blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans or hearkens to the Kind.
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with Pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfy'd; 40
 Who most to thun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;
 Each has his Share, and who wou'd more obtain 45
 Shall find the Pleasure pays not half the Pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence,
 That such are *happier*, shocks all common Sense. 50
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness:

E

But

But mutual Wants this Happiness increase,
 All Nature's Diff'rence keeps all Nature's Peace.
 Condition, Circumstance is not the thing: 55
Bliss is the same, in Subject or in King;
 In who obtain Defence, or who defend;
 In him who is, or him who finds, a Friend.
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry Member of the whole
 One common Blessing, as one common Soul: 60
 But Fortune's Gifts if each alike possesse,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
 God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose, 65
 And these be call'd unbappy, happy those;
 But Heav'n's just Balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
 Not present Good or Ill, the Joy or Curse,
 But future Views of better, or of worse. 70

Oh Sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise
 By Mountains pil'd on Mountains, to the Skies?
 Heav'n still with Laughter the vain Toil surveys,
 And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raise.

Know, all the Good that Individuals find, 75
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
 Reason's whole Pleasure, all the Joys of Sense,
 Lie in three Words, *Health*, *Peace*, and *Competence*.
 But *Health* consists with Temperance alone,
 And *Peace*, fair Virtue! *Peace* is all thy own; 80
 The Gifts of Fortune good or bad may gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say,

Say, in Pursuit of Profit or Delight,
 Who risque the most, that take wrong means, or right?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, 85
 Which meets Contempt, or which Compassion first?
 Count all th' Advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains;
 And grant the bad what Happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good. 90

Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
 Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
 Best knows his Blessing, and will most be blest.
 But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call, 95
 For Ills or Accidents that chance to *All*.
 See *Falkland* falls, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike *Turenne* prostrate on the Dust!
 See *Sidney* bleeds amid the martial Strife!
 Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of Life? 100
 Say was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented *Digby* sunk thee to the Grave?
 Tell me if Virtue made the Son expire,
 Why, full of Days and Honour lives the Sire?
 Why drew *Marseilles* good Bishop purer Breath, 105
 When Nature sicken'd, and each Gale was Death?
 Or why so long (in Life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor and me?

What makes all Physical or Moral Ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will. 110
 God sends not Ill, if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is universal Good:
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall
 Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous *Abel* was destroy'd by *Cain*,
 As that the virtuous Son is ill at Ease, 115
 When his lewd Father gave the dire Disease.
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his Laws?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her Fires? 120
 On Air or Sea new Motions be imprest,
 O blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy Breast?
 When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall Gravitations cease, if you go by?
 Or some old Temple nodding to its Fall, 125
 For *Chartres* head reserve the hanging Wall?

But still this World (so fitted for the Knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?
 A Kingdom of the Just then let it be:
 But first consider how those Just agree? 130
 The Good must merit God's peculiar Care;
 But who but God can tell us, who they are?
 One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own Spirit fell,
 Another deems him Instrument of Hell;
 If *Calvin* feels Heav'n's Blessing, or its Rod, 135
 This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one System can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine. 140
 "Whatever is, is right."----This World, 'tis true,
 Was made for *Cæsar*---but for *Titus* too:

And which more *blest*? who chain'd his Country, say,
Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a Day?

115 " But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed." 145
What then? is the Reward of Virtue, Bread?
e, That, Vice may merit, 'tis the Price of Toil:
The Knave deserves it when he tills the Soil;
The Knave deserves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Madness fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain. 150
110 The good Man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his Claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him Riches, your Demand is o'er?
" No----shall the Good want Health, the Good want
Pow'r?

115 Add Health to Pow'r, and every earthly thing: 155
" Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give: 160
130 Immense the Pow'r, immense were the Demand;
Say, at what Part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The Soul's calm Sun-shine, and the heart-felt Joy,
135 Is Virtue's Prize: A better would you fix, 165
And give Humility a Coach and Six?
Justice a Conqueror's Sword, or Truth a Gown,
Or publick Spirit, its great Cure, a Crown?
Rewards that either would to Virtue bring
No Joy, or be destructive of the Thing. 170
140 How oft by these at sixty are undone
The Virtues of a Saint at twenty-one!

For *Riches*, can they give but to the Just,
 His own Contentment, or another's Trust?
 Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold, 175
 Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
 O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,
 The Lover, and the Love, of human Kind,
 Whose Life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear;
 Because he wants a thousand Pounds a Year! 180

Honour and *Shame* from no Condition rise;
 Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small Diff'rence made,
 One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade,
 The Cocker apron'd, and the Parson gown'd, 185
 The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) then Crown and Cowl?"
 I'll tell you, Friend: a wise Man and a Fool.
 You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
 Or Cocker-like the Parson will be drunk, 190
 Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow,
 The rest is all but Leather or Prunello.

Stuck o'er with *Tittles*, and hung round with Strings,
 That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.
 Thy boasted Blood, a thousand Years or so, 195
 May from *Lucretia* to *Lucretia* flow;
 But by your Father's Worth, if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble Blood
 Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood, 200
 Go! and pretend your Family is young;
 Not own your Fathers have been Fools so long.
 What can enoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards?
 Alas! not all the Blood of all the *Howards*.

Look next on *Greatness*, say where *Greatness* lies?

“Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?” 206

Heroes are much the same, the Point's agreed,

From *Macedonia's* Madman to the *Swede*;

The whole strange Purpose of their Lives, to find

Or make, an Enemy of all Mankind: 210

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,

Yet ne'er looks forward further than his Nose.

No less alike the Politick and Wise,

All fly slow things, with circumspective Eyes;

Men in their loose unguarded Hours they take, 215

Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,

'Tis Phrase absurd to call a Villain *great*.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but *the more* a Fool, *the more* a Knave. 220

Who noble ends, by noble Means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in Exile, or in Chains,

Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed

Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? that fancy'd Life in others Breath!

A thing beyond us ev'n before our Death. 216

Just what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown;

The same (my Lord) if *Tully's* or your own.

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small Circle of our Foes or Friends; 230

To all beside, as much an empty Shade

An *Eugene* living, as a *Cesar* dead,

Alike, or when or where, they shone or shine,

Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.

A Wit's a *Feather*, and a Chief a *Rod*; 235

An honest Man's the noblest Work of God:

Fame

Fame but from Death a Villain's Name can save,
 As Justice tears his Body from the Grave;
 When what t'Oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half Mankind. 240
 All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,
 Plays round the Head, but comes not to the Heart.
 One self-approving Hour whole Years outweighs
 Of stupid Starers, and of loud Huzza's;
 And more true Joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels 245
 Than *Cesar* with a Senate at his Heels.

In *Parts* superior what Advantage lies!
 Tell (for *you* can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know, how little can be known,
 To see all others Faults, and feel our own; 250
 Condemn'd in Business, or in Arts to drudge
 Without a Second, or without a Judge:
 Truths wou'd you teach, or save a sinking Land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand,
 Painful Preheminence! yourself to view 255
 Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.

Bring then these Blessings to a strict Account,
 Make fair Deductions, see to what they mount?
 How much of other each is sure to cost?
 How each for other oft is wholly lost? 260
 How inconsistent greater Goods with these?
 How sometimes Life is risk'd, and always Ease?
 Think, and if still the *Things* thy Envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the *Man* to whom they fall?
 To sigh for Ribbands if thou art so silly, 265
 Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
 Is yellow Dirt the Passion of thy Life?
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* Wife.

E P I S T L E S,

45

If Parts allure thee, think how *Wh*--- thin'd,
Wh--- the Shame and Scandal of Mankind: 270

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See *Cromwell* damn'd to everlasting Fame!

If all, united, thy Ambition call,
 From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.

There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great, 275
 See the false Scale of Happiness compleat!

In Hearts of Kings or Arms of Queens who lay,
 (How happy!) those to Ruin, these betray,
 Mark by what wretched Steps their Glory grows,
 From Dirt and Sea-weed as proud *Venice* rose; 280

In each, how Guilt and Greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero sunk the Man.

Now *Europe's* Lawrels on their Brows behold,
 But stain'd with Blood, or ill exchange'd for Gold:
 Then see them broke with Toils, or lost in Ease, 285
 Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.

Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no Act of Fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from Shame!
 What greater Bliss attends their Close of Life?

Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife, 290
 The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade,
 And haunt their Slumbers in their pompous Shade.

Alas! not dazled with their Noontide Ray,
 Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day:
 The whole Amount of that enormous Fame 295
 A Tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame!

Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happiness below:

The only Point where human Bliss stands still,
 And tastes the Good without the Fall to Ill; 300
 Where

Where only, Merit constant Pay receives,
 Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
 The Joy unequal'd, if its End it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no Pain:
 Without Satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd, 305
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest Mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very Tears.
 Good, from each Object, from each Place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd; 310
 Never elated, while one Man's oppress'd,
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no Wants, no Wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole Bliss Heav'n could on *all* bestow, 315
 Which who but feels, can taste, but thinks, can know:
 Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
 The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find,
 Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
 But looks thro' *Nature* up to *Nature's God*, 320
 Pursues that *Chain* which links th' immense Design,
 Joyns Heav'n, and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any Bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this Union of the rising *Whole*, 325
 The first, last Purpose of the human Soul;
 And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals all began,
 All end in *Love of God*, and *Love of Man*.

For him alone *Hope* leads from Gole to Gole,
 And opens still, and opens, on his Soul, 330
 'Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the Bliss that fills up all the Mind.

He

He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known Bliss, and Faith in Bliss unknown?
 Nature, whose Dictates to no other Kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find) 335
 Wise is the Present: she connects in this
 His greatest *Virtue* with his greatest *Bliss*,
 At once his own bright Prospect to be blest,
 And strongest Motive to assist the rest. 340

Self-Love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine:
 Is this too little for the boundless Heart?
 Extend it, let thy Enemies have Part:
 Grasp the whole Worlds, of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close System of Benevolence. 345
 Happier, as kinder, in whate'er Degree,
 And Height of *Bliss* but Height of CHARITY.

GOD loves from Whole to Parts: but human Soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole. 350
Self-Love but serves the virtuous Mind to wake,
 As the small Pebble stirs the peaceful Lake,
 The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace, 355
 His Country next, and next all human-Race.
 Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the Mind
 Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless Bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breast. 360

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
 Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song!

And

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends,
 Teach me like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise;
 Form'd by thy Converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe:
 Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Ease,
 Intent to Reason, or polite to please.

O! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
 Say, shall my little Bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?
 And shall this Verse to future Age pretend
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart?
 When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in Dust repose,
 Whose Sons shall blush their Father were thy Foes.
 For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's Light;
 Shew'd erring Pride *Whatever Is, is Right*;
 That Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim;
 That true Self-Love and Social are the same;
 That Virtue only makes our Bliss below;
 And all our Knowledge is, *Ourselves to know*.

The End of the Fourth EPISTLE.

ETHI



ETHIC EPISTLES,

THE

SECOND BOOK:

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.







EPISTLE I.

Of the KNOWLEDGE and CHARACTERS of MEN.

To Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,
Lord Viscount Cobham.

That it is not sufficient for this Knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the Purpose, nor yet our own Observation, singly, VER. 1. General Maxims, unless they be form'd upon both, will be but notional, 10. Some Peculiarity in every Man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, 15; the further Difficulty of separating and fixing this, arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. 23. The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the Uncertainty of the Principles of Action in Men, to observe by, 29. Our own Principle of Action often hid from ourselves, 41. No judging of the Motives from the Actions; the same Actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary Actions, 51. to 70. Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest Actions of a Man's Life, and try to make them agree: The utter Uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, 71. Characters given according to the Rank of Men in the World,

and some Reason for it, 87. Education alters the Nature, or at least Character of many, 101. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, 122. The same Man utterly different in different Places and Seasons, 130. Unimaginable Weaknesses in the Greatest, 140. Nothing constant and certain but GOD and Nature. Of Man we cannot judge, by his Nature, his Actions, his Passions, his Opinions, his Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change, 160, &c. It only remains to find (if we can) his RULING PASSION: That will certainly influence all the rest, and only can reconcile the seeming or real Inconsistency of all his Actions, 176. Instanced in the extraordinary Character of Clodio, 181. A Caution against mistaking second Qualities for first, which will destroy all Possibility of the Knowledge of Mankind, 212. Examples of the Strength of the Ruling Passion; and its Continuation to the last Breath, 224, &c.

YES, you despise the Man to books confin'd,
I Who from his Study rails at human kind;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance

Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance.
 The coxcomb Bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
 Tho' many a Passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all Extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as Books too much. 10
 To Observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.

There's

There's some *Peculiar* in each Leaf and Grain; 15
 Some unmark'd Fibre, or some varying Vein:
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of Minds, as Moss.
 That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less: 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's Colours cast on Life.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
 The Optics seeing, as the Objects seen.
 All Manners take a tincture from our own, 25
 Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown,
 Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds?
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds? 30
 Life's Stream for observation will not stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way.
 In vain sedate reflections we wou'd make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
 On human actions reason tho' you can, 35
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man:
 His Principle of action once explore,
 That instant, 'tis his Principle no more;
 Like foll'wing Life thro' Creatures you dissect,
 You lose it, in the moment you detect. 40

Of, in the Passions wild rotation tost,
 Our Spring of Action to ourselves is lost:
 Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field.

As the last Image of that troubled Heap, 45
 When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in Sleep,
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
 Becomes the stuff of which our Dream is wrought:
 Something, as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus perhaps the cause of half we do. 50

In vain the Grave, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
 Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew
 That what we chanc'd, was what we meant, to do.
 Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns, 55
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
 The same adust Complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, *Philip* to the Field. 60

Not always *Actions* show the Man: we find
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind,
 Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East:
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat, 65
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that Actions best discover Man;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
 The few that glare, each Character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.

What

What will you do with such as disagree?

75

Suppress them half, or call them Policy.

Must then at once (the Character to save)

The plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?

Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his Mind,

Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

80

Ask how from *Britain* *Cesar* made retreat?

Cesar perhaps had told you he was beat.

The mighty *Czar* what mov'd to wed a Punk?

The mighty *Czar* might answer, he was drunk.

But, sage Historians! 'tis your Task to prove

85

One action, conduct; one, Heroic Love.

'Tis from *high life* high Characters are drawn;

A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;

A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;

A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop what you will;

90

Wise, if a Minister; but if a King,

More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,

Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:

In Life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,

95

They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.

Tho' the same Sun with all-diffusive rays

Blush in the rose, and in the Diamond blaze,

We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,

And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.

100

'Tis *Education* forms the common mind;

Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.

Boastful and rough, your first Son is a Squire;

The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a Lier;

Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;

105

Will

Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r,
 A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sow'r:
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

True, some are open, and to all mēn known; 110
 Others so very close, they're hid from none;
 (So darkness fills the eye no less than light)
 Thus gracious *Chandos* is belov'd at sight,
 And ev'ry child hates *Shylock*, tho' his soul
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole. 115
 At half Mankind when gen'rous *Manly* raves,
 All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them Knaves:
 When universal homage *Umbra* pays,
 All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
 Who but detests th' Endearments of *Courtine*, 120
 While *One* there is that charms us with his Spleen.

But these plain Characters we rarely find;
 Tho' strong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind:
 Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,
 Or Affectations quite reverse the soul: 125
 Or Falshood serves the dull for Policy,
 Or in the cunning, Truth itself's a Lye;
 Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wife;
 The Fool lies hid in Inconsistencies.

See the same man, in Vigour, in the Gout; 130
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;
 Early at Bus'ness, and at *Hazard* late;
 Mad at a Fox-chace, wise at a Debate;
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
 Friendly at *Acton*, faithless at *Whitehall*. 135

Catius

} *Catius* is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks, one endures a Knave is next a Knave,
 Save just at dinner---then prefers, no doubt,
 110 ▲ Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.

Who would not praise *Patritio's* high desert, 140
 His Hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head all Int'rests weigh'd,
 115 All *Europe* sav'd, yet *Britain* not betray'd.
 He thanks you not, his pride was in *Picquette*,
Newmarket-Fame, and judgment at a Bett. 145

120 Triumphant Leaders at an Army's head,
 Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer Cloth or Bread,
 As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
 Now save a People, and now save a Groat.

What made (say *Montagne* or more sage *Charren*!)
 25 *Otho* a Warrior, *Cromwell* a Buffoon? 151
 A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,
 A God-less Regent tremble at a Star?
 The Throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
 Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit? 155
Europe a Woman, Child, or *Dotard* rule,
 And just her wisest Monarch made a fool?

Know, *God* and *Nature* only are the same:
 In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game,
 A Bird of passage! gone as soon as found, 160
 Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

Ask men's *Opinions*: *Scoto* now shall tell
 How Trade increases and the World goes well;
 Strike

Strike off his Pension by the setting-sun,
And *Britain*, if not *Europe*, is undone.

165

Trust their *Affections*: soon *Affections* end;
"In pow'r your Servant, out of pow'r your Friend."
Manners with Fortunes, *Honours* change with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and *Principles* with Times.

Judge we by *Nature*? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By *Actions*? those Uncertainty divides:
By *Passions*, these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?

170

175

'Tis in the *ruling Passion*: There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known,
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This Clue once found unravels all the rest,
The Prospect clears, and *Clodio* stands confest.
Clodio, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the *Lust of Praise*;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women or Fools must like him, or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him Master of a *Joke*.
Shall Parts so various aim at nothing new,
He'll shine a *Tully*, and a *Wilmot* too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same Spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.

180

185

190

Thus

Thus with each Gift of Nature and of Art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest Heart, 195
 Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
 And most contemptible to shun contempt.
 His Passion still, to cover general praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 His constant Bounty no one Friend had made; 200
 His angel Tongue no mortal could persuade;
 A Fool with more of Wit than half mankind,
 Too quick for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
 A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
 A Rebel to the very King he loves; 205
 He dies, sad out-cast of each Church and State,
 And (harder still) flagitious, yet not great!
 Ask you why *Clodio* broke thro' every rule?
 'Twas all for fear, the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature well known, no Miracles remain, 210
 Comets are regular, and *Clodio* plain.
 Yet, in the search, the wisest may mistake,
 Of second Qualities for first they take.
 When *Cataline* by rapine swell'd his store,
 When *Cesar* made a noble Dame a whore, 215
 In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
 Were means, not ends; Ambition was the Vice.
 That very *Cesar*, born in *Scipio's* days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm, 220
 Had roasted Turnips in the *Sabin* farm.
 In vain th' Observer eyes the Builder's toil,
 But quite mistakes the *Scaffold* for the *Pile*.

In this one Passion Man can strength enjoy,
 As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy. 225
 Time,

Time, that on all things lay his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this, it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies, and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Behold a rev'rend Sire, whom want of Grace
 Has made the Father of a nameless Race,
 Crawl thro' the street, shov'd on, or rudely press'd
 By his own Sons that pass by him un-blest'd:
 Still to his Wench he creeps on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he sees.

A Salmon's Belly, *Helluo*, was thy Fate.
 The Doctor call'd declares all help too late.
 Mercy! cries *Helluo*, mercy on my Soul!
 Is there no hope? alas!--then bring the Jowl.

"Odious! in Woollen! 'twou'd a Saint provoke;
 (Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke)
 "No, let a charming Chintz, and *Brussels* lace
 "Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 "One wou'd not, sure, be frightful when one's dead--
 "And---*Betty*---give this Cheek a little Red.

Old Politicians chew on Wisdom past,
 And blunder on in Bus'ness to the last;
 As weak as earnest; and as gravely out,
 As sober *La--w*, dancing in the Gout.

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble Servant to all Human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his Tongue could st
 "If---where I'm going---I could serve you, Sir?"

“ I give and I devise (old *Euclio* said,
 And sigh'd) “ my Lands and Tenements to *Ned.*” 255
 Your Money Sir; “ My Money Sir! what all?
 “ Why---if I must--- (then wept) I give it *Paul.*”
 The Mannor, Sir?---“ The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,
 “ Not that---I cannot part with that”---and dy'd.

And You! brave *COBHAM*, to the latest breath 260
 Shall feel your ruling Passion strong in Death:
 Such in those moments, as in All the past,
 “ Oh save my Country, Heav'n!” shall be your last.



EPISTLE II.

Of the *Characters* of WOMEN.

To a LADY.

Of the Characters of Women only, as contradistinguished from the other Sex. That these are yet more inconsistent and incomprehensible than those of Men, of which Instances are given even from such Characters as are plainest, and most strongly mark'd; as in the Affected, VER. 7. to 21. The Soft-natur'd, 29. to 37. the Cunning, 45. the Whimsical, 53. the Wits and Refiners, 69. the Stupid and Silly, 83. How Contrarieties run thro' them all.

But tho' the Particular Characters of this Sex are more various than those of Men, the General Characteristick, as to the Ruling Passion, is more uniform and confin'd. In what That lies, and whence it proceeds, 109, &c. Men are best known in Publick Life, Women in private, 101. What are the Aims, and the Fate of the Sex, both as to Power and Pleasure? 121, 133, &c. Advice for their true Interest, 151. The Picture of an esteemable Woman, made up of the best Kind of Contrarieties, 171, &c.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most Women have no Characters at all:"
 Matter too soft a lasting Mark to bear,
 And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.

How many Pictures of one Nymph we view, 5
 All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess here in ermin'd pride,
 There *Pastorella* by a Fountain side:
 Here *Fannia* leering on her own good man,
 And there a naked *Leda* with a Swan. 10
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry
 In *Magdalen's* loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or drest in smiles of sweet *Cecilia* shine,
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
 When Folly grows romantic, we must paint it.

Come then, the Colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
 Chuse a firm Cloud before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the *Cynthia* of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park
 Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with *Rufa* studying *Locke*,
 As *Flavia's* diamonds with her dirty smock,
 Or *Flavia's* self in Glue (her rising task) 25
 And issuing flagrant to an evening Mask:
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is *Silia*! fearful to offend,
 The frail one's Advocate, the weak one's Friend: 30
 To her, *Calista* prov'd her Conduct nice,
 And good *Simplicius* asks of her Advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure; *Silia* does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see---a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous Spark,
 Sighs for the Shades---"How charming is a Park!
 A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears---"Oh odious, odious Trees! 40

Ladies like variegated Tulips show,
 'Tis to their Changes half their Charms we owe;
 Such happy Spots the nice Admirers take,
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
 'Twas thus *Calyppo* once our hearts alarm'd, 45
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
 Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise:
 Strange Graces still, and stranger Flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the Brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's Nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a Wash would hardly stew a Child,
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
 Gave alms at *Easter*, in a christian trim,
 And made a Widow happy for a whim.

Why

Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A Fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame!
 Now deep in *Taylor* and the *Book of Martyrs*,
 Now drinking Citron with his Grace and *Charters*.
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns, 65
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good christian at her heart.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray,
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way; 70
 Nor asks of God but of her Stars to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live:"
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the Soul!
Lucretia's Dagger, *Rosamonda's* Bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind? 7
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
 Wife Wretch! with Pleasure too refin'd to please,
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at Ease!
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught!
 With too much Thinking to have common Thought!
 You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give, 81
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on *Simo's* Mate,
 No Afs so meek, no Afs so obstinate:
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends 85
 Because she's honest, and the best of Friends:
 Or her, whose Life the Church and Scandal share,
 For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r:
 Or who in sweet Vicissitude appears
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears, 90

The daily Anodyne and nightly Draught
To kill those Foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are ~~two~~ hard Things to hit,
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

Pictures like these, (dear Madam) to design, 95
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering Touch, or some reflected Light,
Some flying Stroke, alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack,
Camelions who can paint in White and Black? 100

In publick Stations Men sometimes are shown,
A Woman's seen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full View display'd,
Your Virtues open fairest in the Shade.
Bred to disguise, in Publick 'tis you hide; 105
Where none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice,
Each is a sort of Virtue, and of Vice.

In Men we various *ruling Passions* find,
In Women, two almost divide the Kind, 110
Those only fix'd they first or last obey;
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

That, Nature gives; and where the Lesson taught
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a Fault?
Experience this; by Man's Oppression curst, 115
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take,
But every Woman is, at heart, a Rake:

Men,

Men, some to Quiet, some to publick Strife,
But every Lady would be Queen for Life. 120

Yet mark the Fate of a whole Sex of Queens,
Pow'r all their ends, but Beauty all the means!
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign Glory, foreign Joy, they come; 125
No thought of Peace or Happiness at home.
But Wisdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a Science to the Fair as Great.
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate to rest, and dread to be alone, 130
Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the Sex, as Children birds, pursue.
Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most, 135
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to Follies Youth could scarce defend,
'Tis half their Age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more. 140
As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable Night;
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards! 145
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;

A Fop

A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sor,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot! 150

Ah Friend! to dazzle let the vain design,
 To raise the Thought and touch the Heart, be thine!
 That Charm shall grow, while that fatigues the Ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
 So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight, 155
 All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
 And un-observ'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh blest with *Temper*! whose unclouded ray
 Can make to morrow chearful as to day; 160
 That pleas'd can see a younger charm, or hear
 Sighs for a Sister with unwounded ear;
 That ne'er shall answer till a Husband cool,
 Or, if you rule him, never show you rule;
 Please by receiving, by submitting sway, 165
 Yet have your Humour most, when you obey;
 Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
 Despise all loss of Tickets or Codille;
 Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
 And Mistress of yourself, tho' *China* fall. 170

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, creates this *softer Man*,
 Picks from each Sex to make its Fav'rite blest, 175
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest,
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
 Your Taste of Follies, with our scorn of Fools,

Re-

Reserve with frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride, 180
 Fix'd Principles with Fancy ever new;
 Shakes all together, and produces—*You*.

Ev'n such is Woman's Fame: with this un-blest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
 This *Phæbus* promis'd, (I forget the Year) 185
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the Sphere;
 Ascendant *Phæbus* watch'd that hour with care,
 Averted half your Parents simple Pray'r,
 And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*
 That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself: 190
 The gen'rous God who Wit and Gold refines,
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
 Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.



EPISTLE III.

Of the Use of RICHES.

To Allen Lord Bathurst.

The true Use of Riches known to few, most falling into one of the Extremes, Avarice or Profusion, VER. 1, &c. The Point discussed, whether the Invention of Money was more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, 21. to 28. Riches can scarce afford Necessaries either to the Avaricious or Prodigal, much less any Happiness, 81, &c. It is never for their own Families, or for the Poor, that Misers covet Wealth, but a direct Phrensy without an End or Purpose, 100. Conjectures about the Motives of avaricious Men, to 152. That it can only be accounted for by the ORDER of PROVIDENCE, which works General Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its Great End by perpetual Revolutions, 153. to 178. A Picture of a Miser acting upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, 179. Another of a Prodigal acting on the contrary Principles which seem to him equally right, 199. The due Medium and Use of Riches, 219. to 248. The Character and Praises of the Man of Rols, 250. The Fate of the Covetous, and of the Profuse, in two Examples, 298. and 315. That both are miserable, in Life and in Death. The Tale of Sir Balaam, the Degrees of Corruption by Riches, and the Consequences, 339, &c.

WHO

WHO shall decide, when Doctors dis-agree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and
me?

You hold the Word from *Jove* to *Momus* giv'n,
That Man was made the standing Jest of Heav'n,
And Gold but sent to keep the Fools in play, 5
For half to heap, and half to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining Mischief under ground: 10
But when by Man's audacious Labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its Sire the Sun,
Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men,
To squander some, and some to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much Dispute has past, 15
We find our Tenets just the same at last:
Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
No Grace of Heav'n, or Token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Charters, and the Devil. 20

What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows:
But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we rior, while who sow it, starve.
What Nature wants (a Phrase I much distrust) 25
Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust;
And if we count among the needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?

Useful,

Useful, we grant, it serves what Life requires;
 But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires:
 Trade it may help, Society extend;
 But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend:
 It raises Armies in a Nation's aid,
 But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see
 Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!
 In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
 If secret Gold saps on from knave to knave.
 Could *France* or *Rome* divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines? 40
 What could they more than knights and squires confound
 Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil,
 " Sir, *Spain* has sent a thousand jars of oyl;
 " Huge bales of *British* cloth blockade the door; 45
 " A hundred Oxen at your levee roar.

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
 Nor could Profusion squander all, in kind.
 Astride his Cheese Sir *Morgan* might we meet,
 And *Worldly* crying Coals from street to street, 50
 Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor Tradesman craz'd.
 Had *Colpeper's* whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
 His Grace will game, to *White's* a Bull be led, 55
 With spurning heels and with a butting head;
 To *White's* be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
 Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
 Shall then *Uxorio*, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep? 60
 Or

Or soft *Adonis*, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to *St. James's* a whole herd of Swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the Nation's last great Trade, *Quadrille*!

Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 65
 From the crack'd bagg the dropping Guinea spoke,
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 "Old *Cato* is as great a Rogue as you."
 Blest Paper-credit that advanc'd so high,
 Now lends Corruption lighter Wings to fly! 70
 Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket States, or fetch or carry Kings;
 A single leaf can waft an Army o'er,
 Or ship off *Senates* to some distant shore;
 A leaf like *Sybil's*, scatters to and fro 75
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow;
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Well then, since with the World we stand or fall,
 Come take it as we find it, Gold and all. 80

What Riches give us, let us first enquire:
 Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths,
 and fire.

Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
 Alas 'tis more than *Turner* finds they give.
 Alas 'tis more than (all his Visions past) 85
 Unhappy *Wharton* waking found at last!
 What can they give? to dying *Hopkins*, heirs?
 To *Chartres*, vigour? *Japhet*, nose and ears?
 Can they in gems bid pallid *Hippia* glow,
 In *Fulvia's* buckle ease the throbs below, 90

Or heal, old *Narſes*, thy obſcener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaſter'd at thy rail?
 They might (were *Harpax* not too wiſe to ſpend)
 Give *Harpax* ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
 Or find ſome Doctor that wou'd ſave the life 95
 Of wretched *Shylock*, 'ſpite of *Shylock's* Wife.
 But thouſands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:
 To ſome indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
 T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate. 100

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
 The grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a rule,
 That every man in want is knave or fool:
 "God cannot love, (ſays *Blunt*, with lifted eyes) 105
 "The wretch he ſtarves"---and piously denies:
 But rev'rend S**n with a ſofter air,
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his Neighbour as himſelf: 110
 Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
 The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
 Who ſuffer thus, meer Charity ſhould own
 Muſt act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
 Some War, ſome Plague, ſome Famine they foreſee,
 Some Revelation, hid from you and me. 116
 Why *Shylock* wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
 He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
 What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
 To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear. 120
 Ask you why *Phryne* the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a General Excife.

Why

Why she and *Sappho* rose that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a Man will cost a plum.

Wife *Peter* sees the World's respect for Gold, 125
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:
Glorious Ambition! *Peter*, swell thy store,
And be what *Rome's* great *Didius* was before.

The Crown of *Poland*, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest G*. 130
But nobler scenes *Maria's* Dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and Worlds of Gold.
Congenial Souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' *Asturian* Mines.

Much injur'd *Blunt*! why bears he *Britain's* hate?
A Wizard told him in these words our fate. 136

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)

" Shall deluge all, and Av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun; 140

" Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,

" *Peerefs* and *Butler* share alike the Box,

" The Judge shall job, the Bishop bite the town,

" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.

" See *Britain* sunk in *Lucre's* sordid charms, 145

" And *France* reveng'd of *Anne's* and *Edward's* Arms!

'Twas no Court-badge, great *Scriv'ner*! fir'd thy brain,

Nor Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:

No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see

Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree, 150

And nobly wishing Party rage to cease,

To buy both *sides*, and give thy Country peace.

" All this is madness, cries a sober Sage.
But who, my friend, has reason in his Rage?

" The ruling Passion, be it what it will,

155

" The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,

Than ev'n that Passion if it has no Aim;

For tho' such motives folly you may call,

The folly's greater to have none at all.

160

Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.

" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

" Extremes in Man concur to general use.

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?

165

That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,

Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,

And gives th'eternal Wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like Insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

171

Who sees pale *Mammon* pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;

This Year a Reservoir, to keep and spare,

175

The next, a Fountain spouting thro' his Heir,

In lavish streams to quench a county's thirst,

And Men and Dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old *Cotta* sham'd his fortune, and his birth,
Yet was not *Cotta* void of wit or worth:

180

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His Kitchen vy'd in coolness with his Grot?

His

His Court with Nettles, Moat with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought, and sallads, blest his board.

If *Cotta* liv'd on pulse, it was no more 185

Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;

To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,

And who would take the Poor from Providence?

Like some lone Chartreuse stands the good old Hall,

Silence without, and Fasts within the Wall; 190

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,

No noontide-bell invites the country round;

Tenants with sighs the smoakless Tow'rs survey,

And turn th' unwilling Steeds another way:

Benighted Wanderers, the forest o'er, 195

Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door;

While the gaunt Mastiff, growling at the gate,

Affrights the Beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight,

And then mistook reverse of wrong for right: 200

For what to shun will no great Knowledge need,

But what to follow, is a task indeed.

What slaughter'd Hecatombs, what floods of wine,

Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!

No selfish motive this profusion draws, 205

His Oxen perish in his Country's cause:

'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,

And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.

The woods recede around the naked seat, 209

The *Sylvans* groan---no matter---"for the Fleet."

Next goes his wool---"to clothe our valiant bands"

Last, for his Country's love, he sells his lands.

To town he comes, compleats the nation's hope,

And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.

H 5

And

His

And shall not *Britain* now reward his toils? 215
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils.
 Alas! at Court he vainly pleads his cause,
 His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
 To enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously persu'd,
 Not sunk by sloath, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance Fortune by a just expence,
 Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence,
 With Splendor, Charity, with Plenty, Health; 225
 Oh teach us, BATHURST yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

To Want, or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n. 230
 Whose Measure full o'erflows on human race,
 Mends fortune's fault, and justifies her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
 As Poison heals, in just Proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like Ambergris, a stink it lies, 235
 But well dispers'd, is Incense to the Skies,

Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
 The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
 Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
 Without a Fidler, Flat'rer, or Buffoon? 240
 Whose Table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r?
 Who copies Yours or OXFORD's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?

Where-

215 Where-e'er he shines, oh Fortune gild the scene, 245
 And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
 There *English* Bounty yet a while may stand,
 And Honour linger, ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
 220 Rise honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross: 250
 Pleas'd *Vaga* ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid *Severn* hoarse applause resounds.

Who hung with woods yon mountains sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

225 Not to the skies in useless Columns tost, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artless pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows?

Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose? 260

Who feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state,

Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate?

Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to rise?

The MAN of Ross, each lisping babe replies.

Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread! 265

235 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,

The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,

Prescribes, attends, the med'cine takes and gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271

Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,

And vile Attornies, now an useless race,

" Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275

" What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.

" Oh

" Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?

" What mines to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife or children clear, 279

This man posselt---five hundred pounds a year.

Blush Grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your
blaze.

Ye *little Stars!* hide your diminish'd rays.

" And what? no monument, inscription, stone?

" His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame, 285

Will never mark the marble with his name.

Go search it there, where to be born and die,

Of rich and poor makes all the history:

Enough that Virtue fill'd the Space between;

Prov'd by the Ends of Being, to have been. 290

When *Hopkins* dies, a thousand lights attend

The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end:

Should'ring God's altar a vile Image stands,

Belies his features, nay extends his hands;

That live-long Wig which *Gorgon's* self might own,

Eternal buckle takes in *Parian* stone. 296

Behold! what Blessings Wealth to Life can lend,

And see, what comfort it affords our end!

In the worst Inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,

The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300

On once a flockbed, but repair'd with straw,

With tape-ty'd Curtains never meant to draw,

The *George* and Garter dangling from that bed

Where taudry yellow strove with dirty red,

Great *Villiers* lies---alas! how chang'd from him, 305

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,

Gal-

Gallant and gay, in *Cliveden's* proud alcove
 The bow'r of wanton *Sh***y* and Love;
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
 Of mimick'd statesmen and the merry King. 310
 No Wit to flatter, left off all his store!
 No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage *Cutler* could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John*?
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me Reason, which of these is worse?
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse: 320
 Thy Life more wretched, *Cutler*, was confess'd,
 Arise and tell me, was thy Death more blest'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want? he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few grey heirs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend; 330
 What but a Want which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel the want of what he had.
Cutler and *Brutus*, dying both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd? 335
 Or are they both, in this, their own reward?

That

That knotty Point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a Tale?---A Tale---it follows thus.

Where *London's* Column pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes: 340
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and *Balaam* was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth---
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dith his week-day meal affords, 345
An added Pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd, such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good *Job* of old: 350
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full against the *Cornish* Lands they roar, 335
And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir *Balaam* now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
"Live like your self," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an *Indian* lay,
An honest Factor stole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit:

Some

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
 "I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat,
 "Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
 "And am so clear too, of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
 And all the Dæmon makes his full descent,
 In one abundant show'r of *Cent per Cent*.
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs *Director*, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir *Balaam* now a man of spirit, 375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit,
 What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
 And God's good providence, a lucky Hit.
 Things change their titles as our manners turn:
 His Compting-house imploy'd the *Sunday-morn*; 380
 Seldom at Church, ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his Family and Wife.
 There (so the Devil ordain'd) one *Christmas-tide*
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight; 385
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
 Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
 The well-bred Cuckold in St. *James's* air:
 First, for his Son a gay commission buys;
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
 His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
 She bears a Coronet and p.-x for life.
 In *Britain's* Senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more Pensioner St. *Stephen* gains.

My

My Lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it, takes a bribe from *France*;
The House impeach him; Co** by harangues,
The Court forsakes him; and Sir *Balaam* hangs:
Wife, son and daughter, Satan, are thy prize,
And sad Sir *Balaam* curses God and dies.



EPISTLE IV.

Of the same, To RICHARD Earl
of Burlington.

The Extremes of Avarice and Profusion being treated of in the foregoing Epistle, this takes up one particular Branch of the latter; the Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The Abuse of the Word Taste, VER. 13. that the First Principle and Foundation, in this as in every thing else, is Good Sense, 40. The chief Proof of it is to follow Nature, even in Works of meer Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, 50. How Men are disappointed in their most expensive Undertakings for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burthensome and ridiculous, 65, &c. to 90. A Description of the False Taste of Magnificence; the first grand Error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony, of the Whole, 93. and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely Resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, 103, &c. A word or two of False Taste in Books, in Musick, in Painting, even in Preaching

I

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ing and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, 125, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious Part of Mankind, 161. recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Epist. 2. and in the Epistle preceding this, 165. What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper Field for the Expence of Great Men, 169, &c. and finally the Great and Publick Works which become a Prince, 187. to the End.

TIS strange, the Miser should his Care employ,
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats:
He buys for *Topham*, Drawings and Designs,
For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Pembroke* Coins;
Rare Monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,
And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloan*.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Visto*'s ill-got wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "*Visto!* have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod but *R-pl-y* with a Rule.
See! sportive Fate to punish aukward Pride,
Bids *Bubo* build, and sends him such a Guide:
A standing Sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You

You show us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompuous Buildings once were things of use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble Rules 25
 Fill half the land with Imitating Fools:
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make;
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric State,
 Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate, 30
 Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd Dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
 Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
 And lac'd with bits of Rustic, 'tis a Front.
 Shall call the Woods thro' long Arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door;
 Conscious they act a true *Palladian* part,
 And if they starve, they starve by Rules of Art.

Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer,
 A certain Truth, which many buy too dear: 40
 Something there is more needful than Expence,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste---'Tis *Sense*:
 Good Sense, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,
 And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven:
 A Light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
Jones and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
 In all, let *Nature* never be forgot. 50
 Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
 That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall,

Or helps th' ambitious Hills the Heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale;
 Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades, 55
 Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines,
 Paints, as you plant, and as you work, designs.

Begin with Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
 Parts answ'ring Parts shall slide into a Whole; 60
 Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike, from Chance;
 Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
 A Work to wonder at--- perhaps a Srow.

Without it, proud *Versailles*! thy Glory falls, 65
 And *Nero's* Terraces desert their Walls:
 The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! *COBHAM* comes, and floats them with a Lake:
 Or cut wide Views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
 You'll wish your Hill, or shelter'd Seat again. 70

Behold *Villario's* ten-years toil compleat,
 His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet,
 The Wood supports the Plain, the Parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
 His bloomy Beds a waving Glow display, 75
 Blushing in bright Diversities of Day,
 With silver-quiv'ring Rills meander'd o'er---
 Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;
 Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a Field. 80

Thro' his young Woods, how pleas'd *Sabinus* stray'd,
 Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade,

With

With annual Joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
 And see the stretching branches long to meet.
 His Son's fine Taste an op'ner *Vista* loves, 85
 Foe to the Dryads of his Father's Groves,
 One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views,
 With all the mournful Family of Yews;
 The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those Allies they were born to shade. 90

At *Timon's* Villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "what Sums are thrown away!"
 So proud, so grand, of that stupenduous Air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.
 Greatness with *Timon*, dwells in such a draught 95
 As brings all *Brobdignag* before your thought:
 To compass this, his Building is a Town,
 His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down;
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees?
 A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a breeze. 100
 Lo, what huge heaps of Littleness around!
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground!
 Two *Cupids* squirt before: a Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
 His Gardens next your admiration call, 105
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful Wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a brother,
 And half the Platform just reflects the other. 110
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade.

Here *Amphitrite* sails thro' myrtle bow'rs ;
 There Gladiators fight, or die, in flow'rs ;
 Unwater'd see the drooping Sea-horse mourn,
 And Swallows roost in *Nilus'* dusty Urn.

115

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
 But soft --- by regular approach --- not yet ---
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat,
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.

120

His Study ? with what Authors is it stor'd ?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;
 To all their dated Backs he turns you round,
 These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Suëil* has bound ;
 Lo some are Vellom, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For *Lock* and *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any Modern book.

125

130

And now the chappel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r :
 Light Quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a Jig to heaven.
 On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio* or *Laguerre*,
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lye,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye :
 To Rest, the Cushion, and soft Dean invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

135

140

But hark ! the chiming clocks to Dinner call !
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall :

The

E P I S T L E S.

91

The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your face.

145

Is this a Dinner? this a Genial room?

No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb,

A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state;

You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

150

So quick retires each flying Course, you'd swear

Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there:

Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,

From soup to sweet-wine and *God blefs the King*.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,

155

And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,

Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,

Sick of his civil Pride, from morn to eve;

I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,

And swear, no Day was ever pass'd so ill.

160

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;

Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread

The Lab'rer bears: What his 'hard Heart denies,

His charitable Vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden Ear

165

Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre.

Deep Harvests bury all his Pride has plann'd,

And laughing *Ceres* re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve, the Soil?

Who plants like *BATHURST*, or who builds like *BOYLE*.

'Tis *Use* alone that sanctifies Expence,

171

And Splendor borrows all her Rays from *Sense*.

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,

Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase;

Whose

The

Whose chearful tenants bless their early toil, 175
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose wide Parterres are not asham'd to feed
 The milky Heifer and deserving Steed;
 Whose rising Forests not for Pride or show,
 But future Buildings, future Natives, grow; 180
 Let *His* Plantations stretch from Down to Down,
 First shade a Country, and then rise a Town.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
 Erect new Wonders, and the old repair,
Jones and *Palladio* to themselves restore, 185
 And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before:
 'Till *Kings* call forth th' Ideas of your Mind,
 Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,
 Bid *Harbours* open, public *Ways* extend,
 Bid *Temples*, worthier of the God, ascend, 190
 Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,
 The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main;
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land:
 These Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
 These are *Imperial Works*, and worthy *Kings*.



175
180

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. *ADDISON*.

185 [Occasion'd by his Dialogues on *Medals*.]

190 **S**EE the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
How *Rome* her own sad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd, 5
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd.
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods;
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of Men scarce less alive than they; 10
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile Fury, some religious rage;
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and *Gothic* fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce Disputes pursue,
And give to *Titus* old *Vespasian's* due.

Ambi-

Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
 The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust; 20
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin:
 A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her Palm here sad *Judea* weeps,
 Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine*,
 A small *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
 In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore;
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain *Pescennius* one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in ecstatic dreams; 40
 Poor *Vadius*, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd;
 And *Curio*, restless by the fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the Vanity; the Learning thine: 45
 Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome's* glories shine,
 Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
 These pleas'd the Fathers of poetick rage; 50
 The

The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected Images to Art.

Oh when shall *Britain*, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame?

In living Medals see her wars enroll'd,

55

And vanquish'd realms supply recording Gold?

Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;

There Warriors frowning in historic brass;

Then future Ages with Delight shall see

How *Plato's*, *Bacon's*, *Newton's* looks agree;

60

Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,

A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addison*.

Then shall thy *CRAGS* (and let me call him mine)

On the cast ore, another *Pollio*, shine;

With aspect open, shall erect his head,

65

And round the orb in lasting notes be read,

" Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,

" In action faithful, and in honour clear;

" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,

" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,

" Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,

" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.



T O

EPISTLE VI.

TO ROBERT Earl of *Oxford*, and
Earl *Mortimer*.

With Dr. *PARNEL*'s POEMS.

SUCH were the Notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
'Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain;
Dear to the Muse, to *Harley* dear---in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For *Swift* and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd escape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a Friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those Nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy *Parnel* in his living lays,
Who careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;

Or deeming meanest, what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

20

And sure if ought below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of publick breath, 25
The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Desarts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to the silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace, 30
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
When all th' Oblig'd desert, and all the Vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell. 35
Ev'n now, she shades thy ev'ning walks with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see, 40
Nor fears to tell that MORTIMER is he.



EPISTLE VII.

To Dr. *ARBUTHNOT*.

SHUT, shut the door, good *John*! fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All *Bedlam*, or *Parnassus*, is let out:
Fire in their eye, and Papers in their hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
Even *Sunday* shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the *Mint* walks forth the Man of Ryme,
Happy to catch me just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson much be-mus'd in beer? 15
A maudlin Poetess, a ryming Peer?
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross*?
Is there, who lock'd from pen and Paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20
Al

All fly to *Twit'nam*, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy Son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me, and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor *Cornus* sees his frantic Wife elope, 25
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope*.

Friend thro' my life, (which didst not thou prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
 Say, is their Anger, or their Friendship worse? 30
 A dire Dilemma! either way I'm sped,
 My Foes will write, my Friends will read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge! how wretched I!
 I can't be silent, and I will not lye.
 To laugh were want of Goodness and of Grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face.
 I sit with sad Civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aking head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in *Drury-lane* 41
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger and Request of friends:
 "The piece you think is incorrect? why take it, 45
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound;
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon greets me thus: "You know his Grace,
 "I want a Patron---ask him for a Place." 50

Pistholeon libell'd me---" but here's a Letter,
 " Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 " Dare you refuse him? *Curl* invites to dine,
 " He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."

Bless me! a Packet!---'Tis a stranger sues, 35
 " A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
 If I dislike it, " Furies, death and rage!
 If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fir'd that the House reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
 " And shame the Fools---your Int'rest Sir with *Lintot*."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much.
 " Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
 All my demurrs but double his attacks, 65
 At last he whispers " Do, and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when *Midas*' Ears began to spring,
 (*Midas* a sacred Person and a King) 70
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my Friend, a forer case,
 When ev'ry Coxcomb perks them in my face?
 " Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things!
 " I'd never name Queen, Ministers, or Kings; 76
 " Keep close to Ears, and those let Asses prick,
 " 'Tis nothing"---Nothing, if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, *Dunciad*! let the secret pass,
 That Secret to each Fool, that he's an Ass: 80
 The truth one told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of *Midas* slept, and so may I.

Ycu

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a Fool.
 Let Peals of Laughters, *Codrus*! round thee break, 85
 Thou unconcern'd can'st hear the mighty Crack;
 Pit, Box and Gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting World.
 Scriblers like Spiders, break one cobweb thro',
 Still spin the slight, self-pleasing thread anew, 90
 Thron'd in the center of their thin designs!
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or *Parnassian* sneer?
 And has not *Colly* still his Lord, and Whore? 95
 His Butchers *Henley*, his Free-masons *Moor*?
 Does not one Table *Arnall* still admit?
 Still to one Bishop *Philips* seem a Wit?
 Still *Sappho*---" Hold! nay see you, you'll offend:
 " Wit makes you foes, learn Prudence of a friend. 100
 " I too could write---and sure am twice as tall,
 " But all these foes!---one Flatt'rer's worse than all;
 A Wit quite angry is quite innocent;
 The only danger is, when they *repent*.

One dedicates, in high Heroic prose, 105
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
 One from all *Grubstreet* will my Fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 For song, for silence, some expect a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, " Subscribe, subscribe. 110
 Time, Praise, or Money, is the least they crave,
 Yet each declares the other, fool or knave.

There are, who to my Person pay their court,
 I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great Son one shoulder had too high, 115
 Such *Ovid's* nose, and " Sir, you have an Eye---
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me:
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 " Just so immortal *Maro* held his head; 120
 And when I die, be sure you let me know,
 " Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand Years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipt me in Ink? my Parent's, or my own?
 As yet a Child, nor yet a fool to Fame, 125
 I lisp'd in Numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
 To help me thro' this long Disease, my Life, 130
 To second *ARBUTHNOT*! thy Art and Care,
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise, 135
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my Lays;
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
 And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friend before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more. 140
 Happy my Studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their Author, when by these below'd!
 From these the world will judge of Men of books,
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.

Soft

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence 145
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flowry Theme,
 A painted Mistress, or a purling Stream.
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the Man a dinner, and sate still: 150
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt:
 Hunger provok'd, or madness made them print;
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad? 155
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their Mite. 160
 Yet ne'er one sprig of Laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From daring *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*.
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables,
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim, 165
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.
 Pretty! in Amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms;
 Not that the things are either rich or rare,
 But all the wonder is, how they got there? 170

Were others angry? I excus'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight Pride adds to emptiness, 175
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?

The

The Bard whom pilf' red Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year:
 He, who still wanting tho' he lives on theft, 181
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad, 185
 It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
 All these my modest Satire bad translate,
 And own'd, that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe?
 And swear, not *Addison* himself was safe. 190

Peace to all such, but were there one whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
 Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone, 195
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for Arts that caused himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer; 200
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd, 205
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;

While

While Wits and Temp'lers ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise. 210
 Who but must laugh, if such a Man there be?
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls?
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps in capitals?
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load, 215
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
 I fought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight;
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great *GEORGE!* a Birth-day Song.
 I ne'er with Wits or Wirlings past my days, 221
 To spread about the itch of Verse and Praise;
 Nor like a puppy dagled thro' the town,
 To fetch and carry Sing-song up and down;
 Nor at Rehearsals swear, and mouth'd, and cry'd, 225
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;
 But sick of Fops, and Poetry, and Prate,
 To *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* State.

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Buso*, puff'd by ev'ry quill; 230
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library, (where Busts of Poets dead
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of Wits an undistinguish'd race, 235
 Who first his Judgment ask'd, and then a Place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his fear,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days ear:
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some Bards with Port, and some with Praise,
 To

To some a dry Rehearsal was assign'd, 241
 And others (harder still) he pay'd in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the Great have kindness in reserve, 245
 He help'd to bury him he help'd to starve.

May some choice Patron bless each grey goosequill.
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Buso* still!
 So, when a Statesman wants a Day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole Week's war with sense, 250
 Or simple Pride for Flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Blest be the Great! for those they take away,
 And those they leave me---For they left me GAY:
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom, 255
 Neglected die, and tell it on his Tomb:
 Of all thy blameless Life the sole return
 My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy Urn!

Oh let me live my own! and die so too!
 ("To live and die is all I have to do:") 260
 Maintain a Poet's Dignity, and Ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please.
 I was not born for Courts or great Affairs,
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs,
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head, 265
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why will the Town imagine still I write?
 Why ask, when this or that shall see the light?
 "I found him close with *Swift*---Indeed? no doubt 270
 "(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."

'Tis

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:

"No, such a *Genius* never can ly still,"

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first *Lampoon* Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.

275

Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,

When ev'ry *Coxcomb* knows me by my *Style*?

Curst be the Verse, how well foe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give *Virtue* scandal, *Innocence* a fear,

280

Or from the soft-ey'd *Virgin* steal a tear!

But he, who hurts a harmless Neighbour's peace,

Insults fal'n *Worth*, or *Beauty* in distress,

Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,

Who writes a *Libel*, or who copies out:

185

That *Fop* whose *Pride* affects a *Patron's* name,

Yet absent, wounds an *Author's* honest fame;

Who can your merit selfishly approve,

And show the *Sense* of it without the *Love*;

Who has the *Vanity* to call you friend,

290

Yet wants the *Honour* injur'd to defend;

Who to the *Dean* and silver *Bell* can swear,

And sees at *Cannons* what was never there;

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,

And, if he lye not, must at least betray:

295

Let never honest *Man* my satire dread,

But all such babling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble---"What? that thing of silk,

"*Sporus*, that mere white-curd of *Als's* milk?

300

"Satire or sense alas! he cannot feel,

"Who breaks a *Butterfly* upon a *Wheel*?"

Yet let me flap this *Bug* with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

Whose

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet Wit ne'er tastes, and Beauty ne'er enjoys.
 So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his Emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid Impotence he speaks,
 And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lies,
 Or Spite, or Smut, or Rymes, or Blasphemies,
 His Wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now Master up, now Miss,
 And he himself one vile Antithesis:
 Amphibious Thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the Toilet, Flatterer at the Board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's Tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
 A Cherub's face, a Reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep; and Pride that licks the dust.

Oh keep me what I am, not Fortune's fool,
 Nor Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool:
 Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
 That if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways.
 That Flatterer, even to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lye in Verse or Prose the same.
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song.
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious Foe, the timid Friend,

The damning Critick, half-approving Wit,
 The Coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit:
 Laugh'd at the loss of Friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad; 340
 The distant Threats of Vengeance on his head,
 The Blow unfelt, the Tear he never shed;
 The Tale reviv'd, the Lye so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed Trash, and Dulness not his own,
 The Morals blacken'd when the Writings 'scape, 345
 The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd Shape,
 Th' Abuse on all he lov'd or lov'd him spread,
 A Friend in Exile, or a Father, dead;
 The Whisper, that to Greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's Ear--- 350
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last*!

" But why insult the Poor, affront the Great?"
 A Knave's a Knave, to me, in ev'ry State,
 Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail, 355
Sporus at Court, or *Japhet* in a Jayl,
 A hireling Scribler, or a hireling Peer,
 Knight of the Post corrupt, or of the Shire,
 If on the Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own. 360

Yet soft by nature, more a Dupe than Wit,
 330 *Sapbo* can tell you how this Man was bit:
 This dreaded Sar'risc *Dennis* will confess,
 Foe to his Pride, but Friend to his Distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door, 365
 Has drank with *Cibber*, nay has rym'd for *Moor*:
 335 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand Suns went down on *Welsted's* Lye:

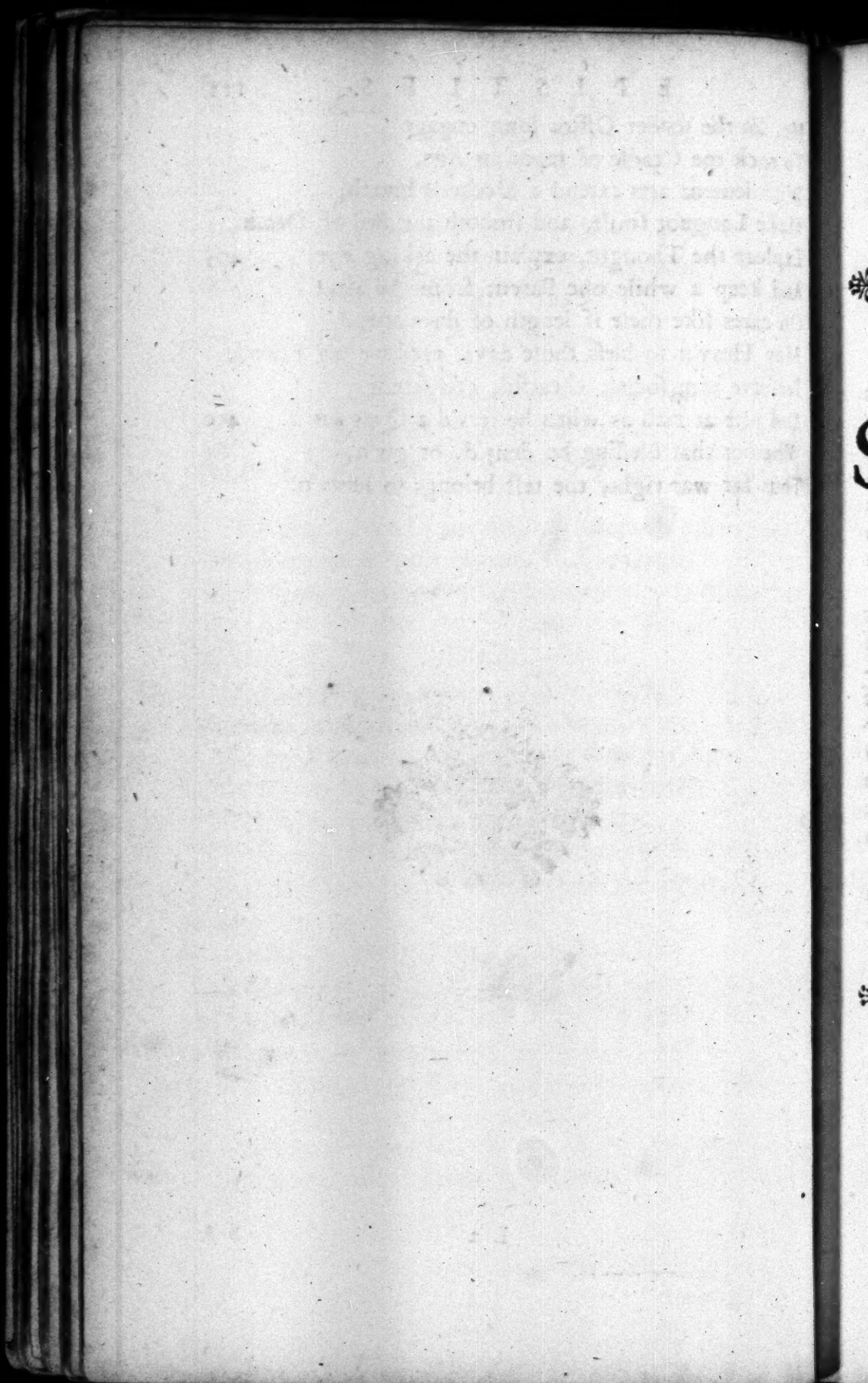
To please a Mistress, one aspers'd his Life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his Wife:
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his *Will*;
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse
 His Father, Mother, Body, Soul, and Muse.
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a Sin to call our Neighbour, Fool;
 That harmless Mother thought no Wife a Whore,
 Hear this! and spare his Family, *James M***,
 Unspotted Names! and memorable long,
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle Blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
 Each Parent sprung---"What Fortune, pray?---their own,
 And better got than *Clodio's* from the Throne.
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble Wife,
 Stranger to Civil and Religious Rage,
 The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age:
 No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle Art,
 No Language, but the Language of the Heart.
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
 Healthy by Temp'rance and by Exercise,
 His Life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His Death was instant, and without a groan.
 Oh grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestick Bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing Melancholly mine;

370 Me, let the tender Office long engage
To rock the Cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the Bed of Death,
Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye, 405
And keep a while one Parent from the Sky!
375 On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heav'n to bless those days, preserve my Friend,
Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN. 410
380 Whether that Blessing be deny'd, or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.





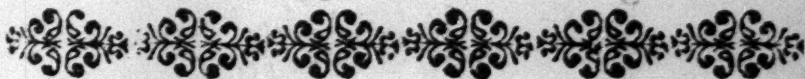


SATIRES

O F

H O R A C E

IMITATED.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I cou'd have made in my own person; and the Example of so much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as *Dr. Donne*, seem'd a proof with what Indignation and Contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high, a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived: The *Satires* of *Dr. Donne* I versify'd at the Desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater Error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to incourage, the mistaking a *Satyr*ist for a *Libeller*; whereas to a true *Satyr*ist nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man truly *Virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.





The First SATIRE of the
Second Book of HORACE,
IMITATED.

S A T I R E I.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but
am told)

¹ There are to whom my Satire seems
too bold,

Scarce to wife *Peter* complaisant enough,
And something said of *Chartres* much too rough.

² The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
Lord *Fanny* spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

³ I come to Council learned in the Law.

You'll

HOR. ¹. *Sunt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer,
& ultra*

Legem tendere opus; ² sine nervis altera quicquid

Composui pars esse putat, similesque meorum

Mille die versus deduci posse. ³ Trebati!

Quid faciam? Præscribe.

TREB.

You'll give me, like a Friend both sage and free,
Advice; (and as you use) without a Fee.

10

F. 4 I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
5 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in Company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

15

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the night seems tedious---take a Wife:

6 Or rather truly, if your Point be Rest,
Lettuce and Cowslip wine; *Probatum est*.

But talk with *Celsus*, *Celsus* may advise

20

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

7 Or if you needs must write, write CAESAR's Praise:

8 You'll gain at least a Knighthood, or the Bays.

P. What?

TREB. 4 *Quiescas.*

HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,*

Omnino versus?

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male si non*

Optimum erat: 3 verum nequeo dormire.

TREB. 6 *Ter uncti*

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

7 *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude*
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, 8 *multa laborum*
Præmia laturus.

HOR.

P. What? like Sir 9 Richard, rumbling, rough and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse, 25

Rend with tremendous Sound our ears asunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss and Thunder?
Or nobly wild with Budget's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

L. 10 Then all your Muse's softer art display, 30
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful Lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. 11 Alas! few Verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year: 35
And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays,
It is to History he trusts for Praise.

L. 12 Bet-

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires
Deficiunt: 9 neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspidē Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describit vulnere Parthi.*

TREB. 10 *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.*

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipsa feret.*

11 *Nisi dextro tempore Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem;
Cui male si palpare, recalcitrat undique tutus.*

TREB.

L. ¹² Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme *Quadrille*,
 Abuse the City's best good Men in metre, 40
 And laugh at Peers that put their Trust in *Peter*.
¹³ Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

L. A hundred smart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more; 45
Bond is but one, but *Harpax* is a score.

P. ¹⁴ Each mortal has his Pleasure: None deny
*Sc*le* his Bottle, *D*ty* his Ham-Pye;
Ridotta sips and dances till she see
 The doubling Lustres dance as well as she; 50
¹⁵ *F---* loves the Senate, *Hockley-hole* his Brother,
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another.
¹⁶ I love to pour out all my self as plain
 As downright *Shippen*, or as old *Montagne*.

In

TREB. ¹². *Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi ledere*
versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
¹³ *Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus,*
& odit.

HOR. ¹⁴. *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut semel*
istò
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis:
¹⁵ *Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem*
Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia: ¹⁶ me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Ille,

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen, 55
 The Soul stood forth, nor kept a Thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial Glass my Muse intends
 Fair to expose my self, my foes, my friends; 60
 Publish the present age, but where my text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next:
 My foes shall wish my Life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill, 65
 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good *Erasmus* in an honest Mean,
 In Moderation placing all my glory,
 While *Tories* call me *Whig*, and *Whigs* a *Tory*. 70

18 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;

19 I

*Ille, velut fidis arcana sodalibus, olim
 Credebat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis. Sequor hunc, 17 Lucanus an Appulus anceps:
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania, bellum
 Incuteret violenta.]*

18 Sed hic stylus baud petet ultro
 Quenquam animantem; & me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina tectus, quem cur distringere coner,

19 Tutus

19 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
 20 Save but our *Army*! and let *Jove* intrust
 Swords, Pikes, and Guns with everlasting rust!
 21 Peace is my dear delight---not *Fleury's* more:
 But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
 Who'e'er offends, at some unlucky time
 22 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of a merry Song.

23 Slander or Poison, dread from *Delia's* rage,
 Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be *
 From furious *Sapho* scarce a milder fate,
 P--x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 24 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels,
 Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels,
 'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,
 And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug:

25 So

19 *Tutis ab infestis latronibus?* 20 *O Pater & Rex*
Jupiter! ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat---

21 *cupido mihi pacis! at ille*
Qui me commedit (melius non tangere elamo)
 22 *Flebit, & insignis tota cantabitur urbe.*

23 *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;*
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certos;
 24 *Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectus terreat, utque*
Imperet hoc natura potens; sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum?

25 *Scena*

25 So drink with *Walters*, or with *Chartres* eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

26 Then learned Sir! (to cut the Matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old Age with faint, but chearful ray, 95
Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd
To wrap me in the Universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write; 100
In durance, exile, *Bedlam*, or the Mint,
27 Like *Lee* or *B***H*, I will rhyme and print.

L. 28 Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife, 105
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. 29 What?

25 *Scæva vivacem crede nepoti*
Matrem nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (miram!
Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

26 *Ne longum faciam; seu me tranquilla senectus*
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops, Rome, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,
27 *Quisquis erit vita, scribam, color.*

TREB. 28 *O puer, ut sis*
Vitalis, metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

M

HOB.

P. 29 What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless, guilty men,
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a Star; 110
 Can there be wanting to defend her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
 Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis*' reign?
 Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage, 115
 Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a rage?
 And I not 30 strip the gilding off a Knave,
 Un-plac'd, un-pension'd, no Man's heir, or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws. 120
 Know, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk in Peace and Credit to the grave.
 31 TO VIRTUE ONLY, and HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep 125
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

32 There

HOR. 29 *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
 30 *Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*
Cederet, introrsum turpis; nam Lelius, & qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut laso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
Scilicet---

--- 31 UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.

32 *Quid*

32 There, my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
 There St. JOHN mingles with my friendly Bowl,
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul: 130
 And HE, whose light'ning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn Plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

34 Envy must own I live among the Great, 135
 No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Hearts,
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be 140
 Scriblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me.
 This is my plea, on this I rest my cause---

35 What faith my Council learned in the Laws?

L. 36 Your

32 *Quin ubi se a Vulgo & Scena, in Secreta remorant*
Virtus Scipiadae, & mitis Sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

--- *Quicquid sum ego, quàmvis*
Infra Lucill. censum, ingeniumque, tamen me
 34 *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque*
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido;---

35 *Nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,*
Dissentis.

L. 36 Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by Men---so have a care. 146
 It stands on record, that in *Richard's* times
 A Man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
 37 Consult the Statute: *Quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. & quint Eliz. 150
 See *Libels*; *Satires*---there you have it---read.

P. 38 *Libels* and *Satires*! lawless things indeed!
 But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,
 Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
 Such as Sir *Robert* wou'd approve--- 155

L. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd---you may then proceed.
 39 In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,
 My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

36 *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.*
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forti negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum.

37 " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
 Judiciumque.

HOR. *Esto, si quis 38 mala; sed bona si quis*
Judice condiderit laudatur CÆSAR: si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,
 39 *Solventur visu tabule; ta missus abibis.*

The End of the First SATIRE.

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
H O R A C E,
PARAPHRASED.

THE
SECOND SATIRE

OF THE
SECOND BOOK



HORACE
PARAPHRASED

S A T I R E II.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and
the Art

To live on little with a cheerful heart;

² (A Doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk ³ before we dine:

⁵ Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;

Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear *Bethel's* Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

⁴ But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

⁸ Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)

Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.

¹ *Quæ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,*

(*Nec meus hic Sermo, sed quem precepit Osellus*

Rusticus, & abnormis sapiens, crassave Minerva)

Discite & non inter lanceis, mensasque nitentis,

Cum stupet infans acies fulgoribus, & cum

Acclinis falsi animus meliora recusat;

³ *Verum hic impransum mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?*

Dicam si potero---

--- ⁸ *Leporem sectatus, equove lassus---*

Cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,

Sperne

9 Your Wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or kept from fish, (the River yet unthaw'd)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, not in the meat.
 10 Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a Pheasant still before a Hen;
 Yet Hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 11 Of Carps and Mulletts why prefer the great,
 (Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.

12 Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"

Ob

*Sperne cibum vilem.---9 Foris est Promus, & atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut
 Quo partum? Non in cavo nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in teipso est****

10 Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina, tergere palatum---
 Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista
 Quam laudas, pluma?---11 Laudas insane, trilibrem
 Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species video. Quò pertinet ergo
 Proceros edisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, bis breve pondus.

12 Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem (ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus) at vos
 13 Praesentes Austri! coquite horum opsonia: Quamvis
 Putet

Oh blast it, ¹³ South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a Rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? ³⁰
 When the tir'd ¹⁴ Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
 He'll find no relish in the sweetest Meat,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
¹⁵ Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see, ³⁵
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

¹⁶ The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
 Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear,
 To one that was, or would have been a Peer. ⁴⁰
¹⁷ Let me extoll a Cat on Oysters fed,
 I'll have a Party at the Bedford Head,
 Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

¹⁸ 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother ⁴⁵
 About one vice, and fall into the other:

Be-

*Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Aegrum sollicitat stomachum, ¹⁴ cum rapula plenus.
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. ¹⁵ Necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus.*

¹⁶ *Iutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
 Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. ¹⁷ Ergo
 Siquis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,
 Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.
¹⁸ Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
 Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
 Si te alio pravum detorserit. Avidienus*

29 Cui

Between Excess and Famine lies a mean,
 Plain, but not sordid, tho' not splendid, clean.
 19 *Avidien* or his Wife (no matter which,
 For him you call a 20 dog, and her a birch) 50
 Sell their presented Partridges, and Fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
 21 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some 22 lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, 23 old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so generous cannot bear
 Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But soufe the Cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

24 He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, or on that:
 Nor 25 stops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay,
 Swears, like *Albutius*, a good Cook away;

Nor

20 (*Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adheret*)
Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.

21 *Ac nisi mutatum parcit desundere vinum, &*
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

22 *Festus albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*
Caulibus instillat; 23 veteris non parous aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.

24 *Mundus erit qui non offendat sordibus, atque*
In neutram partem cultus miser. 25 Hic neque servis
Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Sævus

Nor lets, like ²⁶ *Nevius*, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass. 65

27 Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)
First Health: ²⁸ The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A Tomb of boil'd, and rost, and flesh, and fish,
When bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the Man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft ²⁹ the School-boys simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

³⁰ How pale, each worshipful and rev'rend Guest
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast! 71
What life in all that ample Body, say,
What heav'nly Particle inspires the clay?
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 75

31 On

lexus erit: nec sic ut simplex ²⁶ *Nevius*, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

27 *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum*
Afferat. ²⁸ *In primis valeas bene: nam varia res*
Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius esca
Quæ simplex ²⁹ *olim tibi federat; at simul assis*
Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliâ turdis,
Dulcia se in bilem vertunt, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. ³⁰ *Vides, ut pallidus omnis*
Cena desurgit dubia? quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

31 Alter

31 On morning wings how active Springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?

How coming to the Poet, ev'ry Muse?

32 Not but we may exceed, some Holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

All Health some just indulgence may engage,
And more, the Sickness of long Life, Old age;

33 For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the Vessel drains?

34 Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no nose?

Not so: a Buck was then a Week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last:

Better to keep it till their friends could come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

35 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?

36 (That

31 *Alter ubi dicto citius curata sopori*

Membra dedit, vegetus prescripta ad munia surgit.

32 *Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam:*

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla volet. 33 Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam

Quam puer & validus pre-sumis molitiem, seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

34 *Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia nasus*

Illis nullus erat, sed (credo) hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. 35 Hos utinam inter

Heroes natum tellus me prima tulisset!

36 Das

Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,
 [36 That sweetest Musick to an honest ear; 100
 For 'faith Lord *Fanny*! you are in the wrong,
 The World's good word is better than a Song)
 Who has not learn'd, 37 fresh Sturgeon and Ham-pye
 Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!
 When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy 38 Neighbours, thy Trustees, thy self,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how Posterity will treat thy name;
 And 39 buy a Rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

40 "Right, cries his Lordship, for a Rogue in need
 "To have a Taste, is Insolence indeed:
 "In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 "My wealth unweildy, and my heap too great."

Then,

36 *Das aliquid Famæ? [que carmine grator aurem
 Occupat humanam.) Grandes rhombi, patinaeque
 Grande ferent una 37 cum damno dedecus. Adde
 38 Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
 39 As, laquei pretium. --- ---*

--- 40 *Jure, inquis, Thrasius istis
 Jurgatur verbis; ego vestigalia magna
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 41 Ergo
 Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis
 Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? quare
 42 Templâ ruunt antiqua Deum? cur improbe! cave
 Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?*

Then, like the Sun, let ⁴¹ Bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that Superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the ⁴² new-built Churches round thee fall,
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair *Whitehall*, 120
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As *M***o's* was, but not at five per Cent.

⁴³ Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jest for all mankind!
And ⁴⁴ who stands safest, tell me? is it he? 125
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In Peace provides fit arms against a War?

⁴⁵ Thus *Bethel* spoke, who always spoke his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In *South-sea* days not happier, when surmis'd
The Lord of thousands, than ev'n now ⁴⁶ *Excis'd*;

In

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

⁴³ *O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uter-ne*

⁴⁴ *Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui*
Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque suberbum?

An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri
In pace, ut sapiens, aptavit idonea bello?

⁴⁵ *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
Quam nunc ⁴⁶ accisis. Videas, metato in agello,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quid

In Forests planted by a Father's hand,
 Than in five Acres now of rented land.
 Content with little, I can piddle here
 On ⁴⁷ Broccoli and mutton, round the year;
 But ⁴⁸ ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 'Tis true no ⁴⁹ Turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my *Thames* affords:
 To *Hounslow*-heath I point, and *Banstead-down*,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
⁵⁰ From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145
 And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
 And figs, from standard and Espalier join:
 The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
 Then ⁵¹ chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say *Grace*. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I lost?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after ⁵² *Standing Armies* came.

My

Quidquam preter ⁴⁷ *olus, fumosa cum pede perna.*
At mihi cum ⁴⁸ *longum post tempus venerit hospes,*
Sive operum vacuo, &c. --- bene erit, non piscibus
urbe petitis,

Sed pullo atque hædo; tum--- ---

--- --- ⁵⁰ *pensilis uva secundas*

Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplici ficu.

Posthac ludus erit ⁵¹ *Cuppa potare Magistra,*

Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo surgeret alto.

Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.

Seviat atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hic imminuit? quanto aut ego parcius, aut vos

O pueri nituistis, ut huc ⁵² *novus Incola venit?*

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155
 I'll hire another's: Is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-opening gate
 None comes too early; none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage *Homer's* rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 "Pray heav'n it last! (cries *Swift*) as you go on:
 "I wish to God this House had been your own:
 "Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
 "Why you'll enjoy it only all your life."---
 Well, if the Use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the Name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon*?
 What's ⁵³ *Property*? dear *Swift*! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ⁵⁴ *Peter Walter*,
 Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's share,
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the Heir, 170
 Or in pure ⁵⁵ *Equity* (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best, it falls to some ⁵⁶ ungracious son,
 That cries, my Father's damn'd, and all's my own.
⁵⁷ Shades, that to *Ba***n* could retreat afford, 175
 Are now the portion of a booby Lord;
 And *Hemsley* once proud *Buckingham's* delight,
 Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
⁵⁸ Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
 Let us be fix'd, and our own Masters still.

⁵³ *Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum
 Nec me, aut quemquam statuit; nos expulit ille,
 Illum aut* ⁵⁴ *Nequitias, aut* ⁵⁵ *vafri incitia juris,
 Postremo expellit certe* ⁵⁶ *vivacior hæres,
 57* *Nunc ager Umbrehi sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii.* ⁵⁸ *Quocirca vivite fortes!
 Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.*



SATIRES

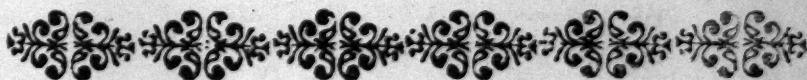
O F

Dr. JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St. PAUL'S.

*Quid vetat, ut nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Querere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes
Mollius.*

HOR.



SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE

IN TWO VOLUMES.



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THE
SECOND SATIRE

O F

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

YES; thank my stars; as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as even in Hell, there must be still
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
That all beneath one pities, not abhors;
As who knows *Sa***, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
Catch'd

Sir; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town; yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds Pity towards the rest.
Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As, I think, that brings dearth, and Spaniards in:

Though

Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
 But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
 Yet like the *Papists* is the *Poets* state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate.

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:
 The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
 So prompts, and saves some Rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
 The gilded Puppets dance and mount above,
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring Bellows blow;
 Th' inspiring Bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair; but Songs no longer move,
 No Rat is rhym'd to death, nor Maid to love:
 In Love's, in Nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the Flesh, the Dev'l, and all but Gold.

These

Though like the Pestilence, and old fashion'd love,
Ridingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out, yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate;
One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes.
As in some Organs, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move Love by rythmes; but witchcrafts charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams, and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best Artillery.

And

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get, 25
 As needy Beggars sing at doors for meat.
 Those write, because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit: 30
 'Tis chang'd indeed from what it was before,
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
 Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same,
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs 35
 Who live like S-t-t-n, or who die like Charters,
 Out-eat old Esdras, or out-drink his Heir,
 Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;

Wicked

*And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 But he is worst, who (beggerly) doth chew
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true;
 For if one eat my meat, though it be known,
 The meat was mine, th' excrement's his own.
 But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure Jews,
 T' out-drink th' sea, to out-swear the Letanie,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be*

As

Wicked as Pages, who in early years
 A& Sins which *Prisca's* Confessor scarce hears: 40
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake,
 Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make;
 Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
 In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
 Whom Crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
 Time, that at last matures a Clap to Pox,
 Whose gentle progress makes a Calf an Ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
 No young Divine, new-benefic'd can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the Fop to do,
 But turn a Wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this *per Cent.* and that *per Year*?
 To court a Wife, and spread his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widow's hearts?

Call

*As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandments large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of Colcus, only, breeds my just offence,
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas!) of late;
 But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
 Then are new benefic'd Ministers, he throws
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, where'soe'er he goes*

His

Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which *Boreas* might to *Auster* hold,
 More rough than forty *Germans* when they scold.

Curs'd be the Wretch! so venal and so vain;
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in *Drury-lane*.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If *Coscus* deigns to help you to your own:
 What thanks, what praise, if *Coscus* but supplies!
 And what a solemn face if he denies!

Grave,

His title of Barrister, on ev'ry wench,
 And weoes in language of the Pleas and Bench.
 A motion, Lady: Speak *Coscus*. I have been
 In love ever since tricesimo of the Queen:
 Continual claims I've made, Injunctions got
 To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
 Proceed; spare me: in *Hillary term* I went,
 You said, if I return'd next size in Lent,
 I should be in Remitter of your grace;
 In th' interim my letters should take place
 Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maids soft ear;
 More, more than ten *Sclavonians* scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
 When sick with Poetry, and possest with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but Men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talk

Idly,

Grave, as when Pris'ners shake the head, and swear
 'Twas only Suretyship that brought them there. 70
 His Office keeps your Parchment-Fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the Fire;
 For you, he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Coscus* puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the Laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your Cause,
 And lies to ev'ry Lord, in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite---or like a King.

These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked *W**rs* even to godly --- 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black Gowns,
 Nor more of Bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till like the Sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From Scots to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.

Or

*Idly, like Prisoners, which whole months will swear
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Fav'rite,--or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like Asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.*

For

Oh! when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to J**n punts at White's,
 Or City heir in mortgage melts away,
 Satan himself feels far less Joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this Acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole Estate:
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw;
 Large as the Fields themselves, and larger far
 Than civil Codes, with all their glosses, are:
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.

90

95

But

*And spying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins, as he;
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buyes Wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each Acre, as Maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length, as in those first dayes,*

O

When

But let them write for You, each Rogue impairs
 The Deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses Heires*: 100
 No Commentator can more sily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
 Or, in Quotation, shrewd Divines leave out,
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

So *Luther* thought the *Paternoster* long,
 When doom'd to say his Beads and Evensong;
 But having cast his Cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

The Lands are bought, but where are to be found
 Those ancient Woods, that shaded all the ground?
 We see no new-built Palaces aspire, 110
 No Kitchens emulate the Vestal Fire.

Where

When *Luther* was profess'd, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.)
 But when he sells or changes land, b'impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense, or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Text, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt
 Where are those spread woods which cloath'd heretofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within doore

Whe

Where are those Troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old Landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs,
That both Extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome *Bacchanals*; 117
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These, as good works 'tis true we all allow : 120
But oh! these works are not in fashion now :
Like rich old Wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
Let no Court-Sycophant pervert my sense, 125
Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

*Where the old Landlords Troops, and Almes? In Halls
Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
Good works, as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich Wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge Statutes jaws.*



THE
FOURTH SATIRE

O F

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the Stage,
Adieu to all the Follies of the Age!
I die in Charity with fool and knave,
Secure of Peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes, 5
And paid for all my Satires, all my Rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends and flames,
To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

With foolish Pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain Itch t'admire, or be admir'd; 10
I hop'd for no Commission from his Grace;
I bought no Benefice, I begg'd no Place;

Had

*Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.*

*My mind, neither with prides itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,*

I had

Had no new Verses, or new Suit to show ;
 Yet went to Court !---the Dev'l would have it so.
 But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15
 Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his Fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God :
 Such was my fate, whom Heav'n adjudg'd as proud,
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way ! }

Scarce was I enter'd, when behold there came
 A Thing which *Adam* had been pos'd to name ; 25
Noah had refus'd it Lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the race of Reptiles might embark :

A ve-

*I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court ; but as Glare which did go
 To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he scap't ; So't pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.*

*Therefore I suffer'd this ; Towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came :
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :*

A verier Monster than on *Africk's* shore
 The Sun ere got, or slimy *Nilus* bore,
 Or *Sloane*, or *Woodward's* wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31
 The Watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night, would swear him dropt out of the moon.
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take; 35
 And the wise Justice starting from his chair
 Cry, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

Such was the Wight: Th' apparel on his back
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good *Queen Bess*,
 But

Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
Than Africks Monsters, Guianaes Rarities,
Stranger than strangers: One who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentices 'gainst Strangers rise.
 One whom the Watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

His cloaths were strange, though coarse, and black,
 though bare,
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now, (so much ground was seen)

Become

But mere tuff-taffery what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

This Thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue exotick and refin'd.
Talkers, I've learn'd to bear; *M**:***x* I knew,
Heuley himself I've heard, and *Budgel* too: 51
The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of *G**f**n's* lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those Plagues in one) the bawling bar; 53
These I cou'd bear, but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will complement you to the Devil.
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest Whores,
Wich

Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain Rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing bath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
But Pedants mostly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win Widaws, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,

Out-

With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

60

He spies me out. I whisper, gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ---'s your name.
What Speech esteem you most?---"The King's, said I.
But the best Words?---O Sir, the Dictionary.
You miss my aim; I mean the most acute 70
And perfect Speaker?---"Onslow, past dispute.
But Sir, of writers!---"Swift, for closer style,
"And *Ho*ry* for a Period of a mile.
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so *Panurge* was; 75
Nay troth, th' Apostles, (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:

Ye

*Out-flatter Favorites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.*

*He names me, and comes to me, I whisper, God
How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist? and I feelily
Said that I thought *Calepines Dictionary*.
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named: here
He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
Good pretty Linguists, so *Panurgus* was;
Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass*

By

60 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus other talents having nicely shown, 80
He came by soft transition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove your self so able,
65 Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*!
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tow'r had stood. 85

“Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
70 “Why then for ever buried in the shade?
“Spirits like you, should see and should be seen
“The King would smile on you---at least the Queen?”
Ah gentle Sir! your Courtiers so cajol us--- 90
But *Tully* has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:
75 And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the *Spartan* way:
Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
Ye Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made; 95
And

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To *Babel's* bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, not alone
My loneness is; but *Spartanes* fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, *Aretines* pictures have made few chaste;

No

And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
None shou'd, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies:
" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then happy man who shows the Tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the Royal Family;
He, ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk, 105
And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.
" Lord! Sir, a meer mechanick! strangely low,
" And coarse of phrase---your *English* all are so.
" How elegant your *Frenchman*?---Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the Fellow's clean. 111
" Oh!

*No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.*

*He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeakt, O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is Kings Street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique, coarse,
So'are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one Sir, look, he follows me.*

Certes

"Oh! Sir, politely well! nay, let me dye,
 "Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."
 Not Sir my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my Dishabille--- 115
 Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse Iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And Itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse 120
 You only make the Matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, "What News? I tell him of new Plays,
 New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
 He hears; and as a Still with simples in it,
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute;
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.

Mere

Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grown'd
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
 He to another key his style doth dress;
 And asks, what news; I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which stayes
 A Sembrief, twixt each drop, be niggardly,
 As loath to enrich me, so tells many a ly,

More

Mere household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten *Hollingsheads*, or *Halls*, or *Stows*. 131
 When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
 A subtle Minister may make of that?

Who sins with whom? who got his pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug? 135

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore?

Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a Government?

Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow, and the Poor?

Who makes a Trust, or Charity a Job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?

Why Turnpikes rose, and why no cit, nor clown
 Can *gratis* see the country, or the town? 145

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.

He

*More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
 When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, and he knows what
 A subtle States-man may gather of that;
 He knows who loves whom; and who by poyson
 Hastes to an Offices reversion;
 Who wasts in meat, in cloth, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores, and who boys, and who goats.
 He knows who bath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shels to transport; shortly boyes shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay*

Toll

He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife?
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What Lady's face is not a whiten'd wall?
 As one of *Woodward's* patients, sick and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,---yet he thrusts in more;
 Trims *Europe's* balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks *Gazettes* and *Post-boys* o'er by heart. 155
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, I sweat.
 Then, as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
 Swears every place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom :

He

Toll to some Courtier; and wiser then all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniard came, to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail, so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a privileg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names a price for every office paid;
 He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far

P

As

He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk's* still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on *Circe's* guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wife
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I fear'd th' infection slid from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw!

In that nice moment, as another Lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again---
 Then close as *Umbra* joins the dirty Train;
 Not *Fannius* self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.

I quak'd

*As the last day; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.*

*I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt my self then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,
 To suck me in for bearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and be free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin*

S A T I R E S.

15
180

I quak'd at heart, and still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
There Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings.
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.

A Vi-

To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but the 'bower
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
Me to pay a Fine to 'scape his torturing,
And sayes, Sir, can you spare me? I said; willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a Crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom; but as Fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you: so did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me:
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant:
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the Court filled with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth hast from the prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness

A Vision hermits can to Hell transport,
 And force ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not *Dantè* dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free ;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me :
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a livery'd Lord, or smile or frown ?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man :
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee,
 For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility ?
 Thou who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, O sun ! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a Court ?

190

195

200

205

Now

*Of suiters at court to mourn, and a Trance
 Like his, who dream't he saw hell, did advance
 It self o're me : Such men as he saw there
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser : Then
 Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns ! and my mistress Truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility ?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sun, in all thy Journey, Vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court ? I*

I think

Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax* !
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs :
 Such painted Puppets, such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dress and Face,
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things--- 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the *British* youth, engag'd no more
 At *Fig's* or *White's*, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the Court! and come
 All fresh and fragrant, to the Drawing room: 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 "That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King *Lear's*.

Our

Think be which made your *Waxen* garden, and
 Transported it, from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the Mues
 Baloun, or Tennis, Diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 The fields they sold to buy them. For a King
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers; And bring
 Them next week to the Theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states: Me seems they do as well

Our court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to Fool-coats and to Fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?
 For these are actors too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
 Sail in the Ladies: How each Pyrate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him.
 " Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
 And " sweet Sir *Fopling*! you have so much wit!
 Such Wits and Beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the Beauty and the Wit are bought. 235
 'Twou'd

*At stage, as Court; All are players. Who e'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside Books,
 Shall find their wardrobes Inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As Pirates, which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,
 The men board them; and (praise as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits near wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.*

Would

Twou'd burst even *Heraclitus* with the spleen,
 To see those Anticks, *Fopling* and *Courtin*:
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The Mosque of *Mahound*, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by *Durer's* rules, 240
 Of all Beau-kind the best proportion'd Fools!
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
 What Terrors wou'd distract each conscious soul,
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole! 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those Monkey tails that wagg'd behind their head!
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
 With Band of Lilly, and with Cheek of Rose,

Sweet-

Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoo, himself at door refine,
As if the Presence were a Mosch: and list
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
As a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes

Him

Sweeter than *Sharon*, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest;
 Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest*: 255
Peace, Fools, or *Gonson* will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his Brother,
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another. 260
 But here's the Captain, that will plague them both,
 Whose Air cries *Arm!* whose very Look's an Oath:
 The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his Soul's Bullet, and his Body Buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before 265
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door;
 And

*Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
 And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion:
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,*

And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse;
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd Fool, commands like Law.
 Frighted I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from Jails to Execution go;
 For hung with deadly Sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants, deadlier than them all:
 Each man an *Ascapart*, of strength to toss
 For Quoits, both *Temple-bar* and *Charing-cross*:
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
 Courts are no match for wits so weak as mine;
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!

From

*He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from goals t' execution go,
 Go through the great chamber (why it is hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Cross for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living; barrels of beef, flagons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie---Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,*

Drown

From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Saty'rs sacred, and whose rage secure:
 'Tis mine to wash a few slight stains, but theirs 285
 To deluge Sin, and drown a Court in tears.
 Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
 In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

*Drown the sins of this place, for as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away: Although I yet
 (With Maccabees modesty, the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.*



EPITAPHS

B Y

Mr. P O P E.

*His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere!*

VIRG.

EPITAPHIS

Mr. P. O. P. E.

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EPITAPHS.

I.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who having resigned his place, dyed in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.

A Pleasing form ; a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd ;
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest :
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth ;
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free ;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny ;
Such this man was ; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

II.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET.

In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd !
The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State :

Q

Yet

Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
 His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
 Blest Satyrift! who touch'd the Mean so true,
 As show'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
 Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
 Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.
 Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
 Where other *Buckbursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

III.

*On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,
 Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT: at the
 Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.*

TO this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near.
 Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear.
 Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
 Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
 If POPE must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
 Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
 And with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

*Intended for Mr. ROWE,
 In Westminster-Abby.*

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair shrine we trust,
 And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:
 Beneath a * rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.

Peace

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

V.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain Reason and with sober Sense;
 No Conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
 No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd, that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
 Heav'n, as its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd!
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

* The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this Hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph.

*This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred Dust below
 Was Dryden once: The rest who does not know?*

Which the Author since chang'd into the plain Inscription now on it, being only the Name of that Great Poet,

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631.

Mortuus Maij 1. 1701.

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis, fecit.

VI.

*On the Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY,
and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father
the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in
Dorsetshire, 1727.*

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth:
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of Peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only blifs sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief;
These little rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VII.

*On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
In Westminster-Abby, 1723.*

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
thought;

Now

Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great,
 Rests crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
 Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise.
 * Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

VIII.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abby, 1729.

HERE WITHERS rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
 Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind.
 Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
 O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
 For thee the hardy Ver'ran drops a tear,
 And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS adieu; yet not with thee remove
 Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
 Nor let us say, (those *English* glories gone)
 The last true *Briton* lies beneath this stone.

IX.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest Stone what few vain Marbles can
 May truly say, here lies an honest Man.

* *Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.*

—Raphael, timuit quo sospite, vince
 Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori.

A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great.
 Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
 Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

X.

On Mr. GAY,

In Westminster-Abby, 1732.

SEvere of Morals, but of Nature mild;
 In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child!
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great;
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
 These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust,
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive Bosoms --- *Here lies GAY.*

F I N I S.

NOTES.

NOTES.

ESSAY on MAN, *Epist* 1. *Ver.* 174. *Here with degrees of Swiftnefs, there of Force.*] It is a certain Axiom in the Anatomy of Creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for Strength their Swiftnefs is lessen'd; or as they are form'd for Swiftnefs, their Strength is abated.

Ibid. *Ver.* 205.---*the headlong Lionefs*---] The manner of the Lions hunting their Prey in the Defarts of *Africa* is this; at their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud Roar, and then listen to the Noife made by the Beasts in their Flight, pursuing them by the Ear, and not by the Nostril. It is probable, the story of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion, was occasion'd by observation of the Defect of Scent in that terrible Animal.

Epist. 3. *Ver.* 72.] Several of the Ancients, and many of the Orientals at this Day, esteem'd those who were struck by Lightning as sacred Persons, and the particular Favourites of Heaven.

Ibid. *Ver.* 178. *Nautilus*] *Oppian. Halieut. Lib.* 1. describes this Fish in the following Manner. They swim on the Surface of the Sea, on the Back of their Shells, which exactly resemble the Hulk of a Ship; they raise two Feet like Masts, and extend a Membrane between which serves as a Sail; the other two Feet they employ as Oars at the side. They are usually seen in the *Mediterranean*.

Epist. to Lord Cobham, *Ver.* 18.---*as many sorts of Mind, as Moss.* There are above 300 Sorts of Moss observed by Naturalists.

Ibid. *Ver.* 50. *Charles V. and Philip II.*

Epist.

Epist. to Lord Bathurst, Ver. 20.

To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

JOHN WARD of *Hackney*, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Dukes of *Buckingham*, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of *March 1727*. He joined in a Conveyance with *Sir John Blunt*, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament, which afterwards detaining from his Friend, *Sir John* inform'd the Company of the Fraud, on promise of a Pardon for himself. The Company recover'd the fifty thousand pounds against *Ward*, but he set up prior Conveyances of his real Estate to his Brother and Son, and concealed all his personal Estate, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds: These Conveyances being also set aside by a Bill in Chancery, *Ward* was imprison'd, and hazarded the Forfeiture of his Life by not giving in his Effects till the last Day, which was that of his Examination. During his Confinement, his Amusement was to give Poison to Dogs and Cats, and see them expire by slower and quicker Torments. To sum up the Worth of this Gentleman, at the several *Æra's* of his Life; at his standing in the Pillory, he was *worth* above two hundred thousand pounds: at his Commitment to *Newgate*, he was *worth* one hundred and fifty thousand, but has been since so far diminish'd in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worse Man* by fifty or sixty thousand.

FR. CHARTRES, a Man infamous for all Manner of Vices. When he was an Ensign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next banish'd *Brussels*, and drumm'd out of *Ghent* on the same Account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming Tables, he took to lending of Money at exorbitant Interest, and on great Penalties, accumulating Premium, Interest, and Capital into a new Capital, and seizing to a Minute when the Payments became due; in a Word, by a constant Attention to the Vices, Wants and Follies of Mankind, he acquir'd an immense Fortune. His House

House was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardoned, but the last time not without Imprisonment in *Newgate*, and large Confiscations. He died in *Scotland* in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great Riot, almost tore the Body out of the Coffin, and cast dead Dogs, &c. into the Grave with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very justly drawn by Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an *Inflexible Constancy*, and *inimitable*
Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,

In spite of *Age* and *Infirmities*,
In the Practice of *Every Human Vice*;
Excepting *Prodigality* and *Hypocrisy*:
His insatiable *Avarice* exempted him from the first,
His matchless *Impudence* from the second.

Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
of his *Manners*, than successful in
Accumulating WEALTH,
For, without *Trade* or *Profession*,
Without *Trust* of *Publick Money*,
And without *Bribe-worthy Service*,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A Ministerial Estate.

He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could *Cheat* without the Mask of *Honesty*,
Retain his *Primæval Meanness* when posselt of
Ten Thousand a Year,
And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life usefess to Mankind!
Providence conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-Ages a conspicuous
Proof, and *Example*,
Of how small Estimation is *Exorbitant Wealth*
in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on
The most *Unworthy* of *All Mortals*. This

This Gentleman was *worth* seven thousand pounds a Year Estate in Land, and about one hundred thousand pounds in Money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these Worthies, was a Man no way resembling the former in his Military, but extremely so in his Civil Capacity; his great Fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the Necessities of others. But this Gentleman's History must be deferr'd till his Death, when his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

Ver. 53. Colepeper.] SIR WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bart. a Person of an ancient Family and ample Fortune, without one other Quality of a Gentleman, who after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, past the rest of his Days in sitting there to see the Ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable Method of Life, and refusing a Post in the Army which was offer'd him.

Ver. 65.--- beneath the Patriot's Cloke.] This is a true Story which happened in the Reign of King William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the Back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the bursting of the Bag discover'd his Business there.

Ver. 74. Or ship off Senates to some distant shore.] Alludes to the Fate of several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banish'd in our Times to *Siberia*, and to that *more glorious one* of the *Parliament of Paris*, banish'd to *Pontoise* in the Year 1720.

Ver. 84. TURNER.] One, who being possesst of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach because Interest was reduced from 5 to 4 *per Cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better Interest: Which Sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his Chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have out-liv'd it, but that he was Heir to another considerable Estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of Life he sav'd both Cloaths and all other Expences.

Ver. 85. Un-

Ver. 85. Unhappy WHARTON!] A Nobleman of great Qualities, but as unfortunate in the Application of them, as in his Vices and Follies. See his Character in the *First Epistle of the Second Book.*

Ver. 87. HOPKINS.] A Citizen whose Rapacity obtain'd him the Name of *Vultur Hopkins.* He lived worthleſs, but dyed worth three hundred thousand Pounds: which he would give to no Person living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond Generation. His Council repreſenting to him how many Years it muſt be before this could take Effect, and that his Money could only lye at Intereſt all that Time, he expreſt great Joy at that, and ſaid, "they would then "be as long in ſpending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the Will, and gave it to the Heir at Law.

Ver. 88. Japhet, Noſe and Ears.] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was puniſh'd with the Loſs of thoſe Parts, for having forg'd a *Conveyance* of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame Time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtain'd a *Will*, by which he poſſeſs'd another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the Brother of the deceas'd. By theſe Means he was worth a great Sum, which (in reward for the ſmall Loſs of his Ears) he enjoy'd in Priſon till his Death, and quietly left to his Executor.

Ver. 98. Dye, and endow a College, or a Cat.] A famous Dutcheſs of R. in her laſt Will left conſiderable Legacies and Annuities to her Cats.

*Ver. 102. B*nd damns the Poor--*

*But Reverend S** with a ſofter air
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.*

In the Year 1730, a Corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend Money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the Name of the *Charitable Corporation.* It was under the Direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir *Arch. Grant*, Mr. *Dennis Bond*, Mr. *Burroughs*, &c. But the whole was turned only to an Iniquitous Method of enriching particular People, to the Ruin of ſuch Numbers, that
it

it became a Parliamentary Concern to endeavour the Relief of those unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers who were Members of the House, were expell'd. That "*God hates the Poor,*" and "*That every man in want is Knaive or Fool,*" were the genuine Apothegms of some of the Persons here mentioned.

Ver. 119. What made Directors cheat?

To live on Ven'son---

In the Extravagance and Luxury of the South-Sea Year, the Price of a Haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds.

Ver. 121. Ask you why Phyrne the whole Auction buys?

Phyrne foresees a General Excise.

Many People about the Year 1733, had a Conceit that such a Thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have some Intimation.

Ver. 125. Wise Peter.] PETER WALTER, a Person not only eminent in the Wisdom of his Profession, as a dextrous Attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a safe Conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this Land, tho' free from all Manner of Luxury and Ostentation: His Wealth was never seen, and his Bounty never heard of; except to his own Son, for whom he procur'd an Employment of considerable Profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this Gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

Ver. 121. Rome's great Didius.] A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set up to Sale upon the Death of Pertinax.

Ver. 130. The Crown of Poland, &c.] The two Persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Time of the *Mississippi* despis'd to realize above three hundred thousand pounds: The Gentleman with a View to the Purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a Vision of the like Royal Nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of Gold in the Mines of the *Astureis*.

Ver. 135. Much injur'd Blunt, &c.] SIR JOHN BLUNT, originally a Scrivener, was one of the first Projectors of the

the first Projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors and chief Managers of the famous Scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffer'd most severely by the Bill of Pains and Penalties on the said Directors. The fraudulent Conveyance he made of part of his Estate, to the value of fifty thousand pounds, to *John Ward* of Hackney being detected, thro' a *Misunderstanding* between those two Friends, he not only lost that great Sum, but had forfeited his Life, without a Pardon for the Discovery. He was a Dissenter of a most religious Deportment, and profess'd to be a great Believer. Whether he did really credit the *Prophecy* here mentioned, is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the *Corruption* and *Luxury* of the Age, the Partiality of *Parliaments*, and the Misery of *Party-Spirit*. He was peculiarly eloquent against *Avarice* in *Great* and *Noble Persons*, of which he had indeed liv'd to see many miserable Examples. He died in the Year 1732.

Ver. 243. OXFORD's better part.] *Edward Harley* Earl of *Oxford*, the Son of *Robert*, created Earl of *Oxford* and Earl *Mortimer* by *Queen Anne*.

Ver. 269. The MAN of ROSS.] This Person, who with no greater Estate actually performed all these good Works, and whose true Name was almost lost (partly by the Title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of Eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an Inscription) was called Mr. *John Kyrle*. He died in the Year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the Chancel of the Church of *Ross* in *Herefordshire*.

Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This Epistle contains an Apology for the Author and his Writings. It was drawn up at several times, as the several Occasions offer'd. He had no Thought of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune to attack in a very extraordinary Manner, not only his *Writings*, but his *Morals*, *Person*, and *Family*: of which he therefore thought himself obliged to give some Account.

Ver. 129. Granville the polite, &c.] These are the Persons to whose Account the Author charges the Publication of his first Writings. The Catalogue might have been extended very much to his Honour, but that he confin'd it to Friends of that early Date.

Ver. 135. Great Dryden's Friends before.] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden, tho' a scandalous Libel against him, called *Dryden's Satire to his Muse*, has been printed in the Name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Ver. 207. ATTICUS.] It was a great Falshood which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's Death, which see refuted in the Testimonies prefix'd to the *Dunciad*. But the Occasion of writing it was such, as he would not make publick in regard to his memory; and all that could further be done, was to omit the Name in the Edition of his Works.

Ver. 241.---help'd to bury.] Mr. Dryden, after having lived in Exigences, had a magnificent Funeral bestow'd on him by the Contribution of several Persons of Quality.

Ver. 342. The Lye so oft o'erthrow'n.] As that he receiv'd Subscriptions for *Shakespear*, that he set his Name to Mr. Broom's Verses, &c. which tho' publicly disprov'd, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called *The Nobleman's Epistle*.

Ver. 343. Th' imputed Trash.] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his Name by *Curl* and others.

Ver. 346. Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread.] Namely on the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earl of *Burlington*, Lord *Bathurst*, Lord *Bolingbroke*, Bishop *Atterbury*, Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbutnot*, Mr. *Gay*, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed Papers: by *James Moore* and *G. Duckett*, Esqrs. *Welsted*, *Tho. Bentley*, and other obscure Persons, &c.

Ver. 366. Ten Years.] It was so long, before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that Poem, till when, he

he never writ a Word in Answer to the many Scurrilities and Falshoods concerning him.

Ver. 367. Welsted's Lye.] This Man had the Impudence to tell in Print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's Death*, and to name a Person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he had libell'd the Duke of *Chandos*; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in Familiarity, and receiv'd from him a Present of *five hundred pounds*: The Falshood of which is known to his Grace, whom Mr. P. never had the Honour to see but twice, and never receiv'd any Present, farther than the Subscription for *Homer*, from him, or from Any Great Man whatsoever.

Budgel in a Weekly Pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestow'd much Abuse on him, in the Imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the least Hand, Direction, or Supervisal, nor the least Knowledge of its Authors. He took no notice of so franrick an Abuse; expecting that any Man who knew himself Author of what he was slander'd for, would have justify'd him on that Article.

Ver. 372. His Father, Mother, &c.] In some of *Curl's* and other Pamphlets, Mr. *Pope's* Father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection can be thought to come from a Nobleman) has dropt an Allusion to this pitiful Untruth, in his *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following Line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth Obscure,
had fallen from a like courtly Pen, in the *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. *Pope's* Father was of a Gentleman's Family in *Oxfordshire*, the Head of which was the Earl of *Downe*, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of *Lindsey*.---His Mother was the Daughter of *William Turnor*, Esq; of *York*: She had three Brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died in the Service of King *Charles*; the eldest following his Fortunes, and becoming a General Officer in *Spain*, left her what
Estate

Estate remain'd after the Sequestration and Forfeitures of her Family.--Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75, She in 1733, aged 93, a very few Weeks after this Poem was finished. The following Inscription was placed by their Son on their Monument, in the Parish of Twickenham in *Middlesex*.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, *Viro innocuo,*
Probo, Pio, Qui vixit annos LXXV, ob. MDCCXVII.
Et EDITHÆ Conjugi Inculpabili, Pientissimæ,
Quæ vixit annos XCIII, ob. MDCCXXXIII.
Parentibus Benemerentibus Filius Fecit, et Sibi.

First Satire of Horace imitated. Ver. 26. Hog barbecu'd.] A West-Indian Term of Gluttony, a Hog roasted whole, stuff'd with Spice, and basted with Madera Wine.

Dr. John Donne's Fourth Satire. Waxen-garden.] A Show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the Time of King James the First.

Ver. 206. A famous Show of the Court of France in Waxwork.

Ver. 275. The Room hung with Tapestry, now very ancient, representing the seven Deadly Sins.

Ver. 277. An Ascapart.] A Giant famous in divers Romances.

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